

THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

MAY, 1830.

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF NELSON.

THIS most interesting biography of our greatest naval hero has just been republished in the "Family Library," of which it forms the twelfth volume. Mr. Murray has acted wisely in giving to the public, for five shillings, a history which, for faithfulness and simplicity, force and vividness, is not excelled by any similar composition in the English language. The brilliant achievements it records, which follow each other with indescribable rapidity, are narrated in a style so devoid of either mawkish sentimentality or meretricious ornament, that every action speaks for itself, explicitly, chastely, and perspicuously. Such a work, itself little more than an epitome, it is difficult to epitomise, and we must therefore content ourselves with stating a few of the leading incidents in our hero's "eventful history."

Horatio Nelson was born on the 29th September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, Norfolk, of which place his father was rector; and at the age of twelve entered on board the *Raisonnable*, of 64 guns, under his maternal uncle, Captain Maurice Suckling. This vessel was lying in the Medway, and his reception on board her was far from encouraging. "He was put," says Mr. Southey, "into the Chatham stage, and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold, without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him; and, happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshment. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprized of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, 'took compassion on him.' The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil,—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree,—is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart: but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of

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being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service."

In 1773 he was admitted as cockswain, under Captain Lutwidge, on a voyage of discovery to the North Pole, where he displayed his native fearlessness in attacking a huge bear. He next went to the East Indies in the *Seahorse*, of 20 guns, where the effects of the climate reduced him to a skeleton, and he was obliged to return. During his absence, Captain Suckling had been made Comptroller of the Navy, and by his interest he was appointed acting lieutenant in the *Worcester*, 64, then going with convoy to Gibraltar. Soon after his return, on the 8th of April, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenancy. Captain Suckling sat at the head of the board; and, when the examination had ended, in a manner highly honourable to Nelson, rose from his seat, and introduced him to the examining captains as his nephew. They expressed their wonder that he had not informed them of this relationship before; he replied, that he did not wish the youngster to be favoured; he knew his nephew would pass a good examination, and he had not been deceived. The next day Nelson received his commission as second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Captain William Locker; then fitting out for Jamaica.

Lieutenant Cuthbert Collingwood had long been in habits of great friendship with Nelson, and Sir Peter Parker, under whom they now were, being the friend of both, whenever Nelson got a step in rank, Collingwood succeeded him. In 1779 he was appointed post captain, and in 1780 stormed the castle of San Juan, on the Mosquito shore, from which service he returned in such a deplorable state of health as to be obliged to come home. Whilst still suffering from the fatal effect of a West Indian climate, he was sent to the North Seas, and kept there the whole winter, as if, he said, to try his constitution. He was next ordered to Quebec, where, his surgeon told him, he would certainly be laid up by the climate, and urged him to represent it to the Admiralty; he, however, sailed in the *Albemarle* for Canada, and during his first cruise captured a fishing schooner which contained nearly all the property her master possessed, and the poor fellow had a large family at home anxiously expecting him. Nelson restored him his vessel and cargo, and gave him a certificate to secure him

against further capture. The man afterwards came off to the Albemarle, at the hazard of his life, with a present of sheep, poultry, and fresh provisions, which proved most valuable, for the scurvy was raging on board, and the crew had not tasted a fresh meal for four months.

Nelson was shortly afterwards introduced, by Lord Hood, on the West India station, to the Duke of Clarence, then Prince William, who became from that time his firm friend. He appeared to his royal highness as the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full land uniform, an old fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length, making altogether so remarkable a figure, that the duke observed he had never seen any thing like it before ; but his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing, and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being.

In 1783 preliminaries of peace were signed, and Nelson returned to England, where he made it his first business to endeavour to get the wages due to his men for the various ships in which they had served during the war. The disgust of seamen to the navy he attributed to the plan of turning them over from ship to ship, so that the officers and men could care little about each other. Yet he himself was so beloved by his men, that his whole ship's company offered, if he could get a ship, to enter for her immediately. He, however, did not apply for one, because he was not wealthy enough to live on board in the manner which was then customary, and, to economize on his half pay, he retired to St. Omer's. Here he fell in love with the daughter of an English clergyman, but, on weighing the evils of a straitened income to a married man, he broke off the acquaintance by quitting France. The following year he was appointed to the *Boreas*, of 28 guns, and sailed for the Leeward Islands.

Whilst on this station he formed an attachment to the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician of Barbadoes, then in her 18th year. She had one child, a son, by name Josiah, who was three years old. They were married on the 11th of March, 1787, Prince William being present, by his own desire, to give away the bride. Her manners were mild and winning, and the union promised, and for some years produced, as much happiness as such continual separation is capable of. His letters breathe the purest affection, and he evidently became a husband with a due sense of the obligation.

In the course of his duty he discovered a system of depreda-

tion practised upon government to an immense amount, not less than millions, in the West Indies alone ; but the speculators were too powerful ; and they succeeded not merely in impeding inquiry, but even in raising prejudices against Nelson at the Board of Admiralty, which it was many years before he could subdue.

Owing, probably, to these prejudices, and the influence of the speculators, he was treated, on his return to England, in a manner which had nearly driven him from the service. During the three years that the *Boreas* had remained upon a station which is usually so fatal, not a single officer or man of her whole complement had died. This almost unexampled instance of good health, though mostly, no doubt, imputable to healthy seasons, must, in some measure, also, be ascribed to the wise conduct of the captain. He never suffered the ships to remain more than three or four weeks at a time, at any of the islands ; and when the hurricane months confined him to English Harbour, he encouraged all kinds of useful amusement : music, dancing, and cudgeling among the men ; theatricals among the officers : any thing which could employ their attention, and keep their spirits cheerful. The *Boreas* arrived in England in June. Nelson, who had many times been supposed to be consumptive when in the West Indies, and perhaps was saved from consumption by that climate, was still in a precarious state of health ; and the raw wet weather of our ungenial summers brought on cold, and sore throat, and fever : yet his vessel was kept at the Nore from the end of June till the end of November, serving as a slop and receiving ship. This unworthy treatment, which more probably proceeded from intention than from neglect, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation.

Now unemployed, he took his wife to his father's parsonage, where he remained till 1793, when the troubles of the French revolution brought him again forward, and he sailed in the *Agamemnon* to the Mediterranean, under Lord Hood. The fleet arrived in those seas at a time when the south of France would willingly have formed itself into a separate republic, under the protection of England. But good principles had been at that time perilously abused by ignorant and profligate men ; and, in its fear and hatred of democracy, the English government abhorred whatever was republican. Lord Hood could not take advantage of the fair occasion which presented itself ; and which, if it had been seized with vigour, might have ended in dividing France :—but he negotiated with the people of Toulon, to take possession, provisionally, of their port and city ; which,

fatally for themselves, was done. Before the British fleet entered, Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, our envoy at the court of Naples. Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton he was about to introduce a little man to her, who could not boast of being very handsome; but such a man, as, he believed, would one day astonish the world. "I have never before," he continued, "entertained an officer at my house; but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson's domestic happiness. It seemed to threaten no such consequences at its commencement. He spoke of Lady Hamilton, in a letter to his wife, as a young woman of amiable manners, who did honour to the station to which she had been raised; and he remarked, that she had been exceedingly kind to Josiah. The activity with which the envoy exerted himself in procuring troops from Naples, to assist in garrisoning Toulon, so delighted him, that he is said to have exclaimed: "Sir William, you are a man after my own heart!—you do business in my own way;" and then to have added, "I am now only a captain; but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree." Here, also, that acquaintance with the Neapolitan court commenced, which led to the only blot upon Nelson's public character. The king, who was sincere at that time in his enmity to the French, called the English the saviours of Italy, and of his dominions in particular. He paid the most flattering attentions to Nelson, made him dine with him, and seated him at his right hand.

Having accomplished this mission, Nelson joined Commodore Linzee at Tunis, where he represented to the dey the atrocity of the French government, and expostulated with him on the impolicy of his supporting it. Such arguments were of little avail in Barbary; and when the dey was told that the French had put their sovereign to death, he replied, "Nothing could be more heinous; and yet, if historians told the truth, the English had once done the same." This answer was doubtless suggested by the French about him, who had completely gained the ascendancy.

He was next sent to co-operate with Paoli in Corsica. He commanded at the siege of Bastia, which, strongly fortified, and garrisoned by four thousand men, surrendered to no more than twelve hundred. He afterwards had a gallant encounter with five French ships of war, and at the siege of Calvi he lost the sight of his right eye.

When Admiral Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, succeeded in the Mediterranean command, Nelson removed to the *Captain*, of 74 guns, and was employed in the blockade of Leghorn, and the taking of Porto Ferrajo. In the memorable action of the 14th of February, 1797, wherein fifteen English ships defeated a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven sail, and took four three-deckers, Commodore Nelson, in the *Captain*, attacked the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 136 guns; and passing to the *San Nicolas*, of 80, and then to the *San Josef*, of 112 guns, he had the happiness to see both these ships strike. For his gallant conduct he was made a Knight of the Bath, and Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

After holding a command in the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio was sent to take the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe, which he was obliged to abandon, with the loss of his right arm. On this account he received a pension of 1000*l.* per annum; and the memorial which, as a matter of form, he was called upon to present on this occasion, exhibited an extraordinary catalogue of services performed during the war. It stated, that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns: he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi: he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers: taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of a hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. Not having been in England till now, since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay, as smart money; but could not obtain payment, because he had neglected to bring a certificate from a surgeon, that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that this form should be insisted upon, because, though the fact was not apparent, he thought it was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate, at the same time, for the loss of his arm; saying, they might just as well doubt one as the other. This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed, he thought it had been more. "Oh!" replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye. In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows,

most probably for a leg." Accordingly he soon afterwards went ; and with perfect good humour exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

Early in 1798 he was sent up the Mediterranean to watch the French ships which were ready to convey Buonaparte to Egypt ; and on the 1st of August, in the Bay of Aboukir, at the mouth of the Nile, obtained one of his most splendid victories, which was rewarded with the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of 2000*l*. He was now at the summit of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours, showered upon him from all parts of Europe.

The rapid advance of the French, almost without opposition from the united forces of the wretched governments of Italy, and of Naples in particular, rendered it necessary to remove the royal family to Sicily, which, with property to the amount of two millions and a half, was effected with some difficulty. Nelson had now formed an infatuated attachment for Lady Hamilton, which totally weaned his affections from his wife, and led to the only blot upon his public character. Cardinal Ruffo having collected a royalist force, with which he was advancing upon Naples, Captain Foster, in the Seahorse, was ordered to co-operate with him to the utmost of his power ; and, as the reduction of Fort St. Elmo would be greatly expedited by the possession of the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, a capitulation, granting protection in persons and property to the garrisons, was signed by the Cardinal, the Russian and Turkish commanders, and Captain Foote, as commander of the British force. A flag of truce was flying on the castles and on board the Sea-horse, when Nelson arrived and made a signal to annul the treaty, declaring he would grant rebels no other terms than those of unconditional submission. The arguments of Nelson, Sir William Hamilton, and his lady, who took an active part in the conference, could not convince the cardinal that such a treaty could be honourably set aside ; he was silenced, however, by Nelson's authority ; Captain Foote was sent out of the Bay, and the garrisons, taken out of the castles under the pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian Court. A deplorable transaction ! a stain, Mr. Southey justly adds, upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England. To palliate it, he says, would be in vain ; to justify it would be wicked.

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a noble Neapolitan, seventy years old, who had been forced to join the French, escaped from one of these castles before its surrender, and was discovered in the disguise of a peasant. He was brought on board the *Fourdroyant*,

where he had before been received as an admiral and a prince, at nine o'clock in the morning; at ten his trial commenced, if trial it could be called for which only one hour's preparation was allowed; at twelve he was sentenced to death; and at five in the same afternoon he was hanged by order of Lord Nelson. He entreated a second trial, on the ground that the president of the court martial was notoriously his personal enemy, but it was refused. He then solicited to be shot. He was, he said, an old man, not very anxious about prolonging life, but the disgrace of being hanged was dreadful to him. This being also denied him, he sent an application to Lady Hamilton, who, with Sir William, was with Lord Nelson throughout these proceedings, but she could not be seen on this occasion, though her devotion to the Neapolitan court, and her hatred of all whom she regarded as its enemies, made her so forget what was due to the character of her sex, as to be present at the execution. It was too obvious that the British Admiral was influenced by a baneful passion, which first destroyed his domestic happiness, and then deeply stained his public character.

St. Elmo fell to Captain Trowbridge, who acted on land with so much skill, that Nelson said of him, with truth, that he was a first-rate general. Capua, Gaeta, and other forts on that coast, fell successively to British sailors, who freed all the Roman States, Captain Louis hoisting English colours on the capitol, and acting as governor of Rome. Nelson's attention was next directed to Malta, where Captain Ball, who was besieging the French garrison, was almost starving for want of supplies, which Nelson, notwithstanding all he had done for the Sicilian Court, could not obtain, and the captain was at last driven to the necessity of seizing, at his own risk as to the consequences, some vessels which were lying in Gergenti, laden with corn.

In February, 1800, Nelson himself sailed for that island, and on his way fell in with a French squadron bound for its relief, part of which he took, and the remainder escaped. The surrender of Malta being at hand, Sir William Hamilton being recalled, and feeling no cordiality towards Lord Keith, Nelson returned to England, travelling through Germany to Hamburgh, and landing at Yarmouth, in company with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Public admiration awaited him at every step; in short, he had now every earthly blessing except domestic happiness. This, Lady Hamilton's influence over him had destroyed for ever: he had quarrelled with his son-in-law on that account, and now separated from Lady Nelson, though some of his last words to her were, "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or your conduct, that I wish otherwise."

Nelson was next employed to break a confederacy which Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had formed against this country; and for his splendid victory at Copenhagen, which he called the most difficult achievement, the hardest fought battle, the most glorious result, that ever graced the annals of our country, he was created a Viscount.

On the recommencement of hostilities, in 1803, he was appointed to the command of the Mediterranean fleet. After long and anxiously blockading Toulon, eleven sail of the line, under Admiral Villeneuve, put to sea on the 30th March, 1805, and, effecting a junction with seven sail in Cadiz, proceeded to the West Indies. Lord Nelson quickly pursued them, with only ten sail of the line to oppose to their united force; but his name alone was a tower of strength, and Villeneuve returned hastily to Europe.

Lord Nelson, after an anxious pursuit, arrived in London, and was offered a force sufficient to cope with that of France and her allies, with which he sailed for Cadiz. The brilliant achievement off Cape Trafalgar, which took place on the 21st October, was dearly purchased with his loss. He lived only long enough to be assured of a most triumphant victory; and his remains were deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral with great pomp.

MARRIED AUTHORS.

Mr. MOORE, in his "Life of Lord Byron," decides, after much reasoning, not very remarkable for perspicuity, that authors—or, at least, men of genius—make very unsuitable husbands. They are, according to his showing, as has been remarked by the "Spectator," fit for nothing but the desk or the gallows; and it certainly was friendly in one "up to the craft" to put the fair on their guard. In future, young ladies will refuse to look upon every unhappy wight who may happen to write sonnets to their eyebrows, and the more excellent his verse, the more sedulously must they shun him. This is a fortunate discovery; a deal of brain-hammering will be saved by those not born poetical, and whiskered striplings will, in future, study to write a good hand, rather than endite an harmonious couplet. Poetry, if Jammie Hogg be right, is already at a discount; perhaps a future scarcity may serve to increase its value.

Mr. Campbell, however—and he ought to know something of the matter—calls Mr. Moore's logic *twaddle*; and, I confess, my own experience inclines me to favour his view of the subject. The few married authors whom I have known were remarkably domestic men; and, what is still more to the point, their better halves were happy women. Lady Byron's champion adduces Sir

Walter Scott and Mr. Flaxman, to show that high and undoubted genius does not disqualify a man for the enjoyment of his own fireside. The artist was blessed in a fair and kind partner; and Lady Scott idolises, as she ought, the best of husbands. There is a happy look even about her portrait; you see from the engraving that she is a canny body, and that her life's cup has been a blessed one. The fame of Sir Walter appears more dear to her than to himself; she hates, with a woman's strong hatred, the few critics who have assailed him, and is so unbounded an admirer of his genius, that, not content with the admitted excellence of his writings, she contends that they are perfectly faultless. Pope, and Dryden, and Byron, and Moore, are not to be compared to Sir Walter as a poet; and then as a novelist—no one disputes with her ladyship. The great wizard of the north smiles at all this; but who is there that does not see in the admiration of the wife a tacit approval of the husband?

There was another fair lady who doated on her husband, and worshipped his genius. I have seen a picture in the parlour of poor Maturin, in York Street, Dublin, which I could ever contemplate with delight. The wife and husband were surrounded by a young and lovely progeny; and they blessed and kissed their fond children, and then talked of literature, and religion, and philosophy. They were both young, early marriage had produced no abatement of affection, and their loves seemed strengthened by every soft tendril which years had twined about their hearts. Maturin was all heart; poverty saddened his life, and prompted him to advocate what was foreign to his feelings; but whatever show he made abroad, his nature expanded in his own house, and his wife felt that he merited her affection. His person was elegantly formed, and he was weak enough to seek applause by its ostentatious exhibition. This was a faulty vanity, but Mrs. Maturin—and here come's a proof of woman's superiority—was free from such a failing. Beauty had set its signet on her brow; and her figure was perfect, but she thought not of self: her husband and her children occupied all her thoughts, and in her liking there was nothing mercenary. She did not view her partner's talents as so much mental bullion to be coined into pounds, shillings, and pence, and to be converted to vile uses. She exulted in the anticipation of an imperishable fame, and felt aggrieved when any one questioned his right of appealing to posterity. Her sensibility on this point, and her husband's literary extravagance, were wont to give her much uneasiness, and I have heard her, with pleasure, for hours vindicating some of poor Maturin's latter productions against the honest and fair objections of reviewers. She is a lady

of good sense, good taste, and a considerable degree of talent. In separating from such a woman, the poet must have felt, but who can describe his feelings?

To turn from poetry to painting, Flaxman was not the only modern artist whose married life challenged commendation. The president of the Royal Academy, Martin Archer Shee, can boast of those domestic joys which hallow home, and give to wedded love a blessing. We have it under his own hand in the "Bijou" for 1829, in a very pretty poem,—for Martin is a poet and a novelist to boot—and here are two of the opening stanzas. They are addressed to Mrs. Shee.

"Our wedding day!—another stage
In full career from youth to age
We've travelled on together;
Yet still affection cheers the road,
And helps to lighten every load
That time has laid on either.
And though by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not Macadamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them."

The concluding stanza but one is too much in point to be omitted.

"Yet still no changes can destroy
Our pleasures, while we thus enjoy
The circle that's around us,
While in our children thus we find
More comforts than we've left behind
Since Hymen's knot first bound us."

To come back to poetry, all the great names among his contemporaries are against Mr. Moore's theory. His own life condemns it, and it is disproved by Campbell and Southey. The latter is one of the most domestic men living. On the banks of a Cumberland lake he enjoys the delights of a home, endeared by all the affections of the heart; and to the happiness of which he contributes by those social virtues which consecrate the hearth. Mr. Campbell is not less remarkable for his excellency in private life; and I have heard that Coleridge is also a very domestic man.

Amongst foreigners the argument gains further strength. Wieland, like Milton's "Adam," provided himself, rather late in life, with a helpmate. He had sought happiness in various ways previously, but in wedlock only could he find it. In his letters to Zimmerman and Gesner, he speaks of his wife in terms of the most endearing tenderness: yet she was a woman, one would suppose, not very likely to charm an irritable poet. She was, it is true, mild and unassuming, but then, she never read one of her

husband's poems! Worse than this, she never inquired about what he did write, and never perused a single page of his composition!

Monti, the greatest of Italian poets, had the happiness to enjoy a home endeared by "wedded love." His wife evinced the strongest affection through a life sufficiently arduous: and it appears that the poet merited all her tenderness. The picture which Mrs. Jamieson draws of the Monti family is most interesting; and those who doubt the capability of men of genius to fulfil the various duties of life, will do well to study her "Loves of the Poets."

Turning, however, from the sons of song to intellects of more grasp and maturity, we are overwhelmed with evidence against the theory of Mr. Moore. The majority of men of mind were married men, and, what is more, were happily married. Leaving the ancients to take care of themselves, it will be sufficient to mention among the moderns the names of Grotius, Johnson, Burke, and Romilly. The first was indebted for his liberation from prison to the heroism and ingenuity of his wife; and the great moralist was so partial to his fat spouse, that his awkward caresses filled his scholars, who peeped through the keyhole, with laughter. His paper in the "Idler" on her death betrays that manly sorrow which is far more touching than the beautiful eloquence in which it is conceived. Burke, when fatigued with politics, gladly retired to Beaconsfield, for he was wont to say, that "in the most anxious moments of his public life, all his cares vanished when he entered his own house." The fondness of the father and the husband is finely portrayed in a letter which he wrote soon after the death of his only son. "Had it pleased God," he said, "to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all points in which personal merit can be viewed—in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment, and every liberal accomplishment—would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line."

Sir Samuel Romilly's attachment to his wife, a Quakeress, was such, that his affliction on her death undermined his reason, and he precipitated himself into the grave by his own hand.

These are only a few of the many instances which could be adduced in opposition to Mr. Moore's theory. In truth, high intellect soon learns that "fondness for fame is avarice of air," and that happiness is to be found only at the domestic hearth.

P. D.

THE BEAUTIES OF CHARITY.

WE have all seen books bearing the titles of the "Beauties" of voluminous authors, who were thus in a manner as at once compressed and drawn out—exhibited in their most striking characteristics, and taught to produce great effect with little comparative means. For the busy and industrious part of the community, those who have perhaps much taste for literature and little time for its indulgence, such volumes were unquestionably valuable treats—to use Dr. Johnson's expression, "they tore the heart out of a book, and fed the anxious mind upon the pure essence." As the readers of periodicals are generally of this description, we flatter ourselves that at the close of that severe season which has been almost unparalleled in its inflictions on the lower classes, a retrospective view of a small portion of its sufferings, and of that relief which we have known to be administered, will by no means furnish an uninteresting or uninteresting essay for the female eye, since to ladies it is well known the more immediate application of charity is assigned in general, when private, and in some cases they are found wise distributors of that which is public.

It too frequently happens that young persons, though very kind in their intentions, and willing to engage in all the offices of humanity, are yet so fond of what may be termed the picturesque and romantic, in poverty and sorrow, that their better feelings are blunted from their habitual desire of excitement, and their active benevolence paralyzed by the disgust they conceive for objects devoid of external attraction. A lovely child hanging at the breast of a pale and interesting mother, they could sincerely pity; but alas! a dirty babe will seldom be lovely; and a wretched, ragged, mother may be too stupified by sorrow for the efforts of duty, or may have been driven by it to *partial* intemperance, and yet remain a subject on which compassion and relief might be most beneficially exerted. We would therefore earnestly recommend even the most delicate and fastidious to remember with Portia,

————— we all do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

To restore true lovers to each other, to reward noble exertion, to raise up depressed worth, to awaken the smile of hope on the brow of despair, would be indeed the most delightful occupation the tender-hearted and the highly-accomplished could find; but those do much good in the world who are contented with inferior triumphs, and nobly do they act who sacrifice not only the little vanities which enable them to be charitable, but those sensations

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of loathing, inspired by squalid poverty, and of indignation, awakened by misconduct and mismanagement, in order that they may snatch from destruction helpless infancy and withering age, and "him who is ready to perish."

Never was the hand of charity more widely opened than it has been in the metropolis during the late winter; but as Sterne "took a single captive and shut him up in his dungeon" when he wished to shew us the horrors of imprisonment, so must we take individual instances to exhibit "the beauties of charity," since we cannot follow hundreds from the Mendicity Society, nor enter one in a thousand of the garrets and cellars lighted and warmed by the givers of coals. We must leave them to the praises of a numerous body resembling a hard-working fishwoman of our acquaintance, "Now God and Saint Pathrick bless ye madum, for the bit ticket ye geed me yisterday—case for why? did'nt it bring a bushel sitch coals as never warmed my heart, to say nothing o' the tatoes, glory to 'em when one's starving."

One rather public occasion we may venture to sketch. In a parish of Holborn there was a sudden resolve made among the proper authorities, to institute a soup and bread charity. The weather was then at its coldest, the distress known to be extreme, nevertheless the news spread with dispatch through all the regions of Saffron Hill; whether by the facility of female tongues, or the olfactory organs which, like those of Dominie Sampson, snuffed the rich cauldron, we know not. It is, however, certain that at the meridian hour, the north and south gave up their poor, and the east and west withheld them not; and there was a pouring-out from many an unseen court and obscure alley, towards the workhouse. The procession was chiefly feminine, for men not used to it rarely beg; but now and then an aged man, who had lost the dearest ties of life, came forth to gain that sustenance he had no one to provide for him. The various vessels brought on these occasions proved but too clearly how sadly their dwellings were denuded of necessaries, and even whilst their grotesqueness awakened a smile, a sigh at the poverty so exhibited quickly followed. It would have formed no bad subject for a Wilkie's pencil, that same assemblage—on one hand, a crowd of eager suppliants, ragged, and gaunt, and anxious, yet bearing in many a lineament that tenderness which so frequently exalts the wife and mother, even in the humblest station, and those varieties of age, character, and intellect, found in every crowd. Contrasted with these were the well fed, well dressed distributors, two of whom sate at a table apportioning bread, whilst two poured

the savoury liquid, in measured portions, to the candidates; they were men of grave demeanour, somewhat austere carriage, and perchance of unrelenting features, for two bore the awful name of overseer; and fearful of the strife of tongues (seeing the crowd behind pressed somewhat rudely) their questions were short to the poor, and a glance or a nod formed all the communication between each other—a mode by no means inconvenient to men, whose very hearts were at once riven and relieved by the sights they witnessed, and the occupation they pursued.

Between the table and the cauldron hovered the slight dark figure of the curate, looking with keen and apprehensive eye into the crowd, many of whom felt his presence an assurance of favour, “seeing Mr. — knew all they had gone through;” whilst others were aware that his knowledge was an inconvenience, for “he was a partickler person,” and as it was evident the decreasing soup would not last out, they concluded he looked for his own set of “good kind of folks.” It was at least evident that he wished one pale-looking woman who had arrived with the first, yet continually shrunk behind, to come forward, though in fact he had never seen her before, but he was struck by the modesty of her looks, her tall attenuated form, and the decency with which her apparel was adjusted.

When at length she approached, the cause of her delay appeared in the magnitude of the vessel she had brought, and which hitherto she had held behind her.

“I am ashamed, sir, quite ashamed, but I had got nothing else to bring.”

“How many are you in family, good woman?”

“I have eight children (but then one is a baby); my husband has been ill on the floor above a fortnight.”

Mr. B——p (kind, generous, considerate,) began to pour into the mighty receptacle, repeating to his colleague “eight children and the husband sick;” one, two, three, four quarts fell down; the faint pale face was flushed with joy and gratitude; another and another fell, and the very sound seemed to restore the half-famished frame, and relight eyes that had once been as brilliant as ever illumined a drawing-room, or inspired a poet; and though it was with difficulty she lifted her burden, now aided by a suitable proportion of bread, and she found the “I thank you” stick in the throat, not one of the five donors made a comment on her case, for there was something that rose in their throats likewise; they yet made shift to register her name for the next soup day, and determining to help her husband.

We must not drop this single scene in our subject, without adding that the subscription for the purpose had been aided by the beautiful, the great, and the gay; by those who had never trod on the same ground with their objects, but from their aristocratic abodes had lent a willing ear to the representations of the young clergyman in behalf of his parish. Nor was this instance a solitary one, for a young man of fashion (unknown, and of course unsolicited) presented to the same person a handsome sum to be expended in clothing, expressly for "women and children;" annexing only the condition of concealing his name, evidently in the modesty of his nature, and not from the false shame of blushing because he was good. It will be readily believed that flannel, shoes, blankets, and stuff frocks, found their way to the melancholy abode of the woman with the fathomless pitcher—nay, more, she has children on the list for every charity-school, for she has been found as worthy as she is impoverished.

But we must not dwell too long on even happy circumstances, nor abridge ourselves of the power of relating a circumstance almost unparalleled in human suffering and noble relief; and the more affecting, as belonging to a class far removed from those we have already mentioned.

In the course of the late winter a once esteemed dentist, who had fallen "into the sere of the yellow leaf" from age, and the rapid rise of younger men, sunk into the very extreme of poverty. This was the sooner produced, from the incurable blindness of both his wife and daughter, on whom he had bestowed every aid in the power of medicine, but without effect, and whom he waited upon and supported almost to the very day of his decease. When all hope of obtaining aid from his profession ceased, he represented his sad case to the Duchess of ———, in hope that some little place under government might be accorded him as the means of earning his bread; and his petitioning letter being graciously replied to by the lady, for a season himself and the wretched beings who depended on him were supported by hope. Alas! this slender fare, in the course of a long cold winter, failed to sustain the shrinking frame of seventy-two, and his constant partition of a small portion of food with his wretched dependents (who now suspect that he too frequently gave them all) hastened that hour which yet, for their sakes, he earnestly desired to postpone—he died, and was buried by his parish.

Soon afterwards, his death, and the destitution of his family, appeared in the newspapers; and one woman of high rank, who remembered him, lost not an hour in writing to a friend in town,

and desiring her to seek out "the fatherless and the widow," and, following the dictates of her own heart, help them in the manner and degree necessary.

The lady in question was accustomed to feel and to aid, and well knew that the Countess of G—d—d was not less sincere than benevolent. She set out, accompanied by a dear friend of our own, well skilled in exploring the haunts of the wretched, and ever ready to relieve them. The circumstance of a blind mother and daughter being the objects inquired for, conducted them sooner than was expected to an abode so singularly melancholy, and the manner in which they were conducted to the attic by the mistress of the house, convinced them that whatever were the misfortunes of the family they sought, their virtues were commensurate, since even their poverty and their debts had left them a warm advocate in her who was suffering from their inability.

These women, highly educated, of unsullied conduct, and once moving in a most respectable sphere of life, were found in a room containing three chairs, and a broken-down sofa, their only bed. They had no table, scarcely a single cooking utensil, and one blanket had been since Christmas their only covering for the night. The person of the elder was clean and tidy, and the floor of the room newly scoured by the daughter, who in her darkness, from long habit, is able to perform every kind office for her mother, though sightless as herself. A more melancholy spectacle of human wretchedness, of the forlornness by which man is parted from his kind, and in which poverty received her last sting, can scarcely be imagined than these unhappy females exhibited.

A few necessary questions were asked, a sorrowful recital was given, but it was evident to both the visitants that each were alike mourners for him whom they had lost. Of his sorrows they spoke, on his virtues they dilated; in the midst of their self-evident miseries they complained not of one circumstance in their own hard fate.

"Be comforted," said the visitant; "you are suffering much, but you shall henceforth be provided for: the Countess of G—d—d will provide for you. Since you like this place you shall remain here: I will send you in a good bed, and every other necessary, and a guinea every Monday."

A great cry arose, and the blind instinctively rushed forward and clasped each other to hearts that seemed breaking with astonishment and emotion: the moment that articulate words were uttered, each cried in very agony, while tears ran from their sightless eyes, "Oh! that he could have lived to have known it!

Oh! that his poor broken heart could have seen this day!" "Oh! my mother, we shall have too much, and we can give him nothing!" "No, child, no; and he gave us all."

So deeply were these poor creatures affected by remembrances so cruel, and yet so honourable to themselves and to him they had lost, that it was a long time before they drew comfort from their brightened prospects; and so much were their visitants moved, that each were, like themselves, unable to speak or sooth them. By degrees their emotions subsided, and their poor trembling hearts breathed forth thanks to God, and blessings on their benefactress; but such were the emotions all experienced, that it was not till yesterday, when their riches of every kind arrived in a tangible shape, that they could be said to rejoice in their acquisitions and their reliance for the future.

The circumstances related are a small portion of the "beauties of charity" witnessed in the late season; but our limits warn us to conclude. We must, however, mention one excellent scheme carried very extensively into effect by a gentleman of our acquaintance, who relieved every beggar and street wanderer by a boon of a pint of porter, two herrings, and a luncheon of bread, the fish being of excellent quality, and cooked at the houses where the beer was distributed. In many cases life was unquestionably preserved to houseless and starving wanderers by this medium, who, thus refreshed, were enabled to find more permanent relief. Nor can it be doubted that the very severity of the trials afforded by the past winter has induced many sufferers to present themselves for notice who would otherwise have continued to languish in obscurity, and led the thoughtless to reflect more seriously on their fellow-creatures' wants than they ever did before. Sincerely do we trust that they will never lose the bias to humanity thus happily aroused in their bosoms; for never is woman so estimable or so loveable as when she binds the wounds of misfortune, and assuages the pains of sorrow, stooping either from the heights of rank or intellect to become a "ministering angel" to the poor and destitute, and "him who hath no helper."

B.

SONG.

Oh, deem not guile is in the tear
That steals from lovely woman's eye,
Oh, deem not aught save truth sincere
Prompts her gentle bosom's sigh;
For when at pure affection's shrine
She becomes a worshipper,

Robed in charms most like divine,
 Love is all the world to her !
 Oh, trust not to the faithless smile
 Of man, nor heed his passion'd prayer—
 Too oft it is the traitor's wile,
 To lure his victim to despair :
 But when at pure affection's shrine
 Woman is a worshipper,
 Robed in joys most like divine,
 Love is all the world to her !

CHARLES M.

 CHERISHED REMEMBRANCES.

THAT day I never can forget,
 When first I gazed on thee,
 For many a chilling retrospect
 That look has brought to me ;
 And still on memory's page it yet
 Shines with impassioned glow,
 For though we're parted, still for thee
 My heart's affections flow.
 And now I'm thinking of the past,
 Where glides a purling stream,
 And o'er the waves the glittering sun
 Has flung its joyous beam :
 And, oh ! how glad the waters look,
 Enlivened by its rays ;
 The insect tribe, too, shares the joy
 Which on the surface plays.
 And now a cloud has gathered o'er
 Where gleamed the dazzling light,
 And all the fair and beautiful
 Is hidden from my sight ;
 The waters look no longer glad,
 But dark and chillingly,
 The waves roll on as if they mourned
 The brightness passed away.
 And e'en as sunshine on the tide
 Were we when first we met,
 We thought not of the future, as
 When all our hopes must set :
 And transient as those wavering beams
 My first love-dream has been ;
 We parted—and, on earth, no more
 Shall we e'er meet again.
 But deeply hidden in my heart,
 Thy name shall e'er remain,
 The thought of thee shall sooth my soul,
 And solace every pain :
 And to relieve my anguished mind,
 To memory I'll repair,
 And banish every worldly grief
 To commune with thee there.

MARIA S.

THE PRINCESS POCAHONTAS.

OF the first settlers in Virginia, the most distinguished character was a Captain Smith, a man who seemed to unite every quality of a hero; a man of such bravery and conduct, that his actions would confer dignity on the page of the historian. With his history is closely interwoven that of Pocahontas, a native American princess, whose soft simplicity and innocence could not but hold captive every mind.

It was on the 26th of April, 1606, that the ship in which Captain Smith had embarked came within sight of the American coast; and it had, by accident, got into the mouth of that bay, which is now so well known by the name of Chesapeake.

It is only in active life that men can estimate their qualities, for it is impossible to answer for that courage which has never encountered danger, or for that fortitude which has never had any evils to support. The situation of the colonists was now the touchstone of their moral character; for they were encompassed on every side with imminent calamities. A scanty supply of provisions, and the uncertainty of recruiting them, in a country where every imagination was filled with the barbarity of the natives, disquieted the breasts of those whose nerves were not firm.

In this situation of affairs, there was wanting a head to support the infant colony, and Captain Smith was elected ruler by unanimous consent. The conduct of Smith justified the wisdom of their choice. By his judgment, courage, and industry, he saved the new establishment; for, by his judgment, he discovered and defeated the schemes devised by the Indians for its destruction; by his courage he became their terror; and by descending to manual labour, his example produced a spirit of patient toil among his companions.

One of the tributary streams to the river Potomac is that of Chickahominy, which descended about four miles above the infant settlement. It was an object with the colony to discover its source; but the dread of an ambush from the Indians deterred the majority from the undertaking. Smith, ever delighting in enterprize, gallantly undertook himself to discover the head of the river, having found six others who were willing to become the partners of his danger.

In the prosecution of his enterprize he displayed admirable intrepidity; but, being attacked by the Indians, notwithstanding a spirited and desperate resistance, he was overpowered. His party, from whom he had separated himself, were scalped, and

he himself was taken prisoner. When Smith entered the royal wigwam, the whole court gave a shout ; and the Queen of Appamattox was appointed to carry him water to wash, while one of the concubines left the throne, and brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a towel, to dry himself. Hence Smith was received more like a guest than a prisoner ; and, after an abundant supper, a skin was spread for him to sleep upon.

The person of our hero was extremely prepossessing ; to a figure comely from nature was superadded that external grace which he had acquired in the court and the camps of England ; for several ladies of distinguished rank had heaped upon him unequivocal marks of their tenderness.

The influence of the passions is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every human breast ; hence love operates in the same manner throughout the world, and discovers itself by the same symptoms in the breasts of beings separated by an immeasurable ocean. When Smith appeared before the Emperor Powhatan, the first impression he made decided favourably for him in the minds of the women. This his knowledge of the sex soon discovered ; but his attention was principally attracted by the charms of a young girl, whose looks emanated from a heart that was the seat of every tenderness, and who could not conceal those soft emotions of which the female bosom is so susceptible.

This young girl was the daughter of the emperor. She was called Pocahontas ; and when Smith was engaged by the interrogations of the king, and she thought herself unobserved, never did the moon gaze more stedfastly on the water than she on the prisoner.

The next day a long and profound consultation was held by the king and his council, when a huge stone was brought before Powhatan, and several men assembled with clubs in their hands. The lamentations of the women admonished Smith of his destiny ; who being brought blind-folded to the spot, his head was laid on the block, and the men prepared with their clubs to beat out his brains. The women now became more bitter in their lamentations over the victim ; but the savage monarch was inexorable, and the executioners were lifting their arms to perform the office of death, when Pocahontas ran with mournful distraction to the stone, and getting the victim's head into her arms, laid her own upon it to receive the blow.

Powhatan was not wanting in paternal feeling : his soul was devoted to his daughter Pocahontas ; and so much did his ferocity relent at this display of innocent softness in a girl of four-

teen, that he instantly pronounced Smith's pardon, and dismissed the executioners. Indeed, every heart melted into tenderness at the scene. The joy of the successful mediator expressed itself in silence; she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, weeping with a violence that choked her utterance.

The breast of Smith did not yield to this act of female softness and humanity; it excited an emotion of gratitude, but it kindled no passion in his heart. Formed for action and enterprize, he considered love as leading to imbecility, and unworthy of a great mind. Although his person could inspire tender sentiments, his mind was not ductile to them. His penetration, however, foresaw the uses to which the passion of Pocahontas for him might be converted; and his solicitude for the success of the colony, which was much nearer to his heart, made him feign a return of that fondness which every day augmented in the bosom of the princess.

It was the custom of Powhatan, when he was weary of his women, to bestow them among those of his courtiers who had ingratiated themselves into his favour; nor could his servants be more honoured than by this mark of his esteem.

Powhatan had conceived a very high predilection for Captain Smith. He caused his person to be adorned with a robe of racoon skins, similar to that which he wore himself; and of the two women who sat at his throne, he signified it to be his royal pleasure to consign one of them to his guest.

No sooner did this intelligence reach the ears of the squaws, than a bitter controversy took place between them, as to which of the two was the more worthy of pre-eminence. Jealousy cannot, like other passions, be restrained by modesty or prudence; a vent it will have; and soon it burst forth from these women with the impetuosity of a torrent. They had neither fingers enough to scratch with, nor a volubility of tongue sufficient to deliver the abuse that laboured, with convulsive throes, to come forth from their bosoms.

At length Powhatan separated the combatants, and told our hero to make his own choice. But Smith, who was a man that never forgot the respect due to himself, declined, with cold civility, the honour his majesty intended him; to the unspeakable joy of Pocahontas, who awaited the event with much solicitude.

Captain Smith was then released from his captivity, and was escorted to the British colony by guides, who were, on their return, loaded with appropriate presents. Restored to liberty,

however, he found the colony panic-struck, and contemplating an immediate return to England; this his eloquence overruled.

The colonists, therefore, thought once more of maintaining the fort; and in this resolution they were confirmed by the coming of Pocahontas, with a numerous train of attendants loaded with Indian corn, and other grain of the country.

The colonists flocked with eager curiosity to behold an Indian girl, who had saved, by her interposition, the life of their chief; nor was their admiration less excited by the humanity of her disposition than by the beauty of her person. Pocahontas was eminently interesting both in form and features. Her person was below the middle size, but admirably proportioned. Her waist resembled that of the French monarch's mistress; it was *la taille à la main*. Her limbs were delicate; and her feet were distinguished by those exquisite insteps extolled by Homer.

The acclamations of the crowd affected to tears the sensibility of Pocahontas; but her native modesty was abashed; and it was with delight that she obeyed the invitation of Captain Smith to wander with him, remote from vulgar curiosity, along the banks of the river. Here she gave loose to all the tumultuous ecstasy of love; hanging on his arm, and weeping with an eloquence more powerful than words.

Some time afterwards, in the absence of Captain Smith, Powhatan, having taken offence at some act of the colonists, had sent them a *hatchet*, which was a token of defiance, and laid waste the fields of corn, which he judged it might be difficult to protect. When Smith returned to the fort, he found his people reduced to a state bordering on famine, and that there was no alternative left but to invade a neighbouring town, and levy contributions on their grain. A detachment of the bravest men was selected from the colonists, and an early hour of the morning was fixed for their departure; but the crafty Powhatan, by means of his spies, anticipated their march; the oldest warriors were posted in ambush to wage among them unseen destruction; and the whole party would inevitably have been destroyed by the Indians, had not the kind, the faithful, the lovely Pocahontas, in a dismal night of thunder, lightning, and rain, stolen through the woods, and apprized Smith of his danger.

Though the breast of Pocahontas cherished the deepest affection for Captain Smith, yet, such is the native modesty of the sex in all countries, that she could not collect resolution, by words, to tell him of her love; and the captain, though he returned her endearments, never dropped the slightest hint about

marriage. Pocahontas had, however, the discernment to perceive that among people of a civilized nation, no bonds but those of marriage could secure to a woman the object of her affections, and that little confidence was to be reposed in the fond assurances of a lover, till he evinced their sincerity by becoming a husband.

Averse to any solemn engagement with Pocahontas, yet conscious of her ardour for such an union, Smith devised an expedient that could not fail to cure her of her passion. He embarked privately for England, and enjoined the colonists, as they valued their own safety, to represent that he was dead; for he knew the mischief that every woman feels an impulse to perpetrate, whose passion has been scorned; but he also remembered the position, that where there was no hope there could be no longer love; and the breast, which, knowing him to be living, would glow with a desire for revenge, would, on the belief of his death, be accessible only to the softness of sorrow.

The project of our adventurer was founded on an acquaintance with the human heart; for, when Pocahontas again, under pretence of carrying provisions to the fort, gratified her secret longing to meet her beloved Englishman, she yielded to the bitterness of anguish on hearing of his death. A colonist of the name of Wright undertook to practice the deceit. He pretended to show the afflicted girl the grave of Captain Smith; recounting the tender remembrance he expressed for her in his dying moments, and the hope he fondly indulged of meeting her in the world of spirits. Love is ever credulous; but Pocahontas listened to this artful tale with Catholic faith. She prostrated herself on the pretended grave, beat her bosom, and uttered the most piercing cries.

Mr. John Rolfe, another of the colonists, was young, brave, generous, but of impetuous passions. His fine talents had been cultivated by a liberal education; but his feelings, ever tremblingly alive to external impressions, made him resentful of even an involuntary design to offend; and an affair of honour with a superior officer had driven him to the shores of the new world.

Possessing a supreme contempt for the vulgar, there were few of the colonists whose company he could endure. The only companion of his social hour, for a long time, had been Smith; but when that gallant soldier returned to England, Rolfe constructed for himself a log house in the woods, and, when not upon duty at the fort, was to be found there, solitary and sad.

Though the breast of Rolfe possessed not the ambition of Smith, it was infinitely more accessible to the softer emotions.

He beheld with interest the tender sentiments which Pocahontas cherished for Captain Smith, and participating in her sorrow, his own heart became infected with a violent passion. He delighted in the secrecy of his solitude, where he could indulge, undisturbed, the emotions that Pocahontas had excited; he wandered dejected, by moonlight, along the banks of the river; and he who was once remarkable for dressing himself with studied elegance, now walked about with his hose ungartered.

It was during one of these nights, when Mr. Rolfe was sitting, woe-begone, under an oak, that a foot, wandering among the trees, disturbed his thoughts. It was too light to belong to a man, and his prophetic soul told him it was the step of Pocahontas. He stole to the spot. It was she! It was Pocahontas strewing flowers over the imaginary grave of Captain Smith. Overcome with terror and surprize, to be thus discovered by a stranger, she sunk into the arms of Rolfe.

For what rapturous moments is a lover often indebted to accident! The impassioned youth clasped the Indian maid to his beating heart, and drank from her lips the poison of delight. The breast of woman is, perhaps, never more susceptible of a new passion than when it is agitated by the remains of a former one.

When Pocahontas recovered from her confusion, a blush burned on her cheek, to find herself in the arms of a man; but when Rolfe threw himself before her, on his knees, and, clasping his hands to the moon, discovered the emotions that had so long filled his breast, the afflicted girl suffered him to wipe the tear from her eye that overflowed with sorrow, and no longer repulsed the ardour of his caresses.

The day was now breaking on the summits of the mountains in the east; the song of the mocking bird was become faint, and the cry of the muckawiss was heard only at long intervals. Pocahontas urged her departure; but Rolfe still breathed in her ear the music of his vows; and the sun had appeared above the mountains when she returned through the woods.

In the early part of the year 1612, two more ships arrived from England with men and provisions. They found the colony much distressed for want of grain; they had no leader to stimulate them to industry by his example, and, relapsing into indolence, they had neglected the cultivation of the earth. The provision brought them by the ships was not sufficient for them to subsist on long, and Powhatan, who was still at variance with the colony, had refused them a supply.

In this critical situation of affairs, Captain Argall, who came May, 1630.

manded one of the ships, devised an expedient to bring Powhatan to a compliance with their demands. His prolific brain was big with a stratagem, which, however unjustifiable, met with the concurrence of the colonists. He knew the affection which Powhatan bore for his daughter Pocahontas, and was determined to seize her.

Argall, having unloaded his vessel at the fort, sailed up the Potomac, under pretence of trading with the Indians who inhabited its banks. But he had been informed that Pocahontas was on a visit to Japazaws, King of Potomac; and his real motive was to gain over the savage by presents, and make him the instrument of putting Pocahontas into his power.

Japazaws had his price. For the promised reward of a copper kettle, of which this savage had become enamoured, he prevailed on Pocahontas to accompany him and his queen on a visit on board the ship, when Argall detained the betrayed girl, and conveyed her, with some corn he had purchased, in triumph to the fort.

Rolfe was not sorry for the stratagem that brought Pocahontas to the fort. He had exposed himself to the most imminent danger by a midnight expedition to the neighbourhood of Werowocomoco, where his Indian beauty had promised to meet him in an unfrequented grove of magnolios; and he would inevitably have been scalped by a party of the enemy, had not her brother Nantaquas, whose friendship the lover had diligently cultivated, interposed his kind offices, and not only restrained the arms of his savage companions, but conducted him out of danger.

Pocahontas now put herself under the protection of Rolfe, who, by his tender, but respectful, conduct, soothed her mind to tranquillity; while the colonists, influenced by other motives and interests, renewed their importunities upon Powhatan; demanding a supply of provisions in ransom for his child.

Powhatan, in solicitude for his daughter, and being informed that a formidable reinforcement of men and ammunition had arrived at the fort, not only complied with the terms of the ransom, but proposed to enter into an alliance with the colonists.*

It was Nantaquas who came to the fort with provisions to ransom his sister. Rolfe availed himself of the occasion to contrive a private interview with them, and to propose himself in unequivocal terms as husband to Pocahontas. The amiable girl was flattered by the preference of the young and accomplished European. Nantaquas urged the suit; and when Rolfe took the hand of Pocahontas, and, with a look of inexpressible anxiety and

tenderness, repeated his proposal, the lovely Indian was melted to softness, and, with blushing timidity, consented to become his wife.

The ransom being paid, Pocahontas was now at liberty to return to Werowocomoco. But Hymen was not to be cheated of his prerogative; neither Rolfe nor Pocahontas were willing ever more to separate; and Nantaquas was despatched to obtain the consent of Powhatan.

Powhatan did not withhold his consent; but adhering to the resolution he had made never to put himself into the power of the whites, he sent Opitchapan, the uncle of Pocahontas, with his son, Nantaquas, to witness the marriage.

Rolfe was now happy in the arms of Pocahontas, who discovered in every question an eagerness of knowledge; and the elegant attainments of the husband enabled him to cultivate the wild paradise of her mind. Rolfe found in Pocahontas that companion of his solitude for which he had so long sighed; and as she reclined her head upon his shoulder, and made enquiries respecting Europe, or exchanged with him the glance of intelligence and affection, his eyes sparkled with transport and delight.

In the year 1616 several ships arrived at the colony from different parts of England; and Rolfe, by the death of his father, becoming entitled to an estate in Middlesex, he embarked, with his Indian bride, in a vessel for Plymouth. Pocahontas had presented him with a son; and their infant offspring accompanied them across the Atlantic.

It was on the 12th of June, 1616, that Mr. Rolfe arrived at Plymouth with Pocahontas. He immediately proceeded with her to London, where she was introduced at court to James I.; who, tenacious of his prerogative, was inflamed with indignation that one of his subjects should aspire to an alliance with royal blood! The haughty monarch would not suffer Rolfe to be admitted to his presence; and when he received Pocahontas, his looks rebuked her for descending from the dignity of a king's daughter, to wed with a man of no title or family. The ladies of the court were, however, charmed with the unaffected sweetness of her manners; and they spared no caresses nor presents to soothe her to complacency.

At length Captain Smith advanced to salute Pocahontas, at whose unexpected appearance she expressed the utmost astonishment, which gave way to scorn; but in a subsequent interview the tender girl hung over Smith with tears, and reproached him in accents that breathed kindness rather than resentment.

The smoke of London being offensive to Pocahontas, her husband removed her to Brentford ; where she breathed a less noxious atmosphere. Here she was visited by ladies of distinguished rank from the metropolis, and carriages bearing coronets were often drawn up before her door. Good breeding is the offspring of good sense ; it is a mode, not a substance ; and Pocahontas, whose penetration was intuitive, soon learned to receive her visitants with appropriate variations of deference.

But the hour was hastening when Pocahontas was to descend to that place where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling : that bosom, which had so often undergone perturbation for the sufferings of another, was soon to be stilled ; that eye, which had so often overflowed with humanity, was soon to be closed ; that hand, which had been raised in supplication to avert the death of the prisoner, was soon to moulder in the grave !

Rolfe's right to his father's lands was disputed by another claimant ; and not being of a temper to bear with the law's delay, he formed the resolution to embark again with Pocahontas for the shores of the New World. In Virginia he was entitled, by the right of his bride, to lands of immeasurable extent ; and he was of opinion that the return of Pocahontas, by rendering services to the colonists, would give permanence to the settlement, and increase the value of his possessions. The estates which had descended to Pocahontas spread over a vast tract of country ; they extended to the south nearly as high as the falls of the great rivers, over the Potomac, even to Patuxent, in Maryland.

But Providence had decreed that Pocahontas was never more to return to her native soil. Rolfe had gone with her to Gravesend, for the purpose of embarking in a convenient ship ; but Fate interposed between the design and execution, and at Gravesend Pocahontas died.

To express the grief that afflicted Rolfe at the death of his wife, who had now for three years been alike the sharer of his sorrow and his joy ; who at the age of nineteen, when her mind was every day acquiring an accession of piety, and her person growing more lovely to the sight, was snatched from him prematurely, and borne to the grave ; to express his grief were an hopeless attempt, and can be conceived only by him who has been both a husband and a lover.

Pocahontas left one son, from whom are descended, by the female line, two of the most respectable families now in Virginia ; the Randolphs and the Bowlings.

J. D.

THE BETROTHED.

CHAPTER XIII.

I grant him bloody,
Malicious, false of heart, deceitful,
Smacking of every vice that has a name.

Shakspeare.

On the morning after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, Fitzalleyn, accompanied by his unsuspecting victim, set out for Dieppe, from which place the former was to embark with despatches for England.

As they rode leisurely forward, Aubrey entrusted his companion with various commissions, and taking from his bosom a cross, splendidly ornamented with brilliants, delivered it to him with the following words :—

"This, my dear Fitz, was the dying gift of my honoured father. To thee, who hast so long been privy to my engagements to Gertrude, do I confide it. Deliver it thyself into her hands, and tell her that De Vere hopes soon to lay his laurels at her feet, and claim again this precious gage."

"In good troth will I, Aubrey," replied the traitor, while a smile of triumph lit up his features, which changed to an undefined expression of contempt, as De Vere added—

"I see, Fitz, the confidence I have reposed in thee gives thee pleasure."

"Verily, my dear Aubrey," said Fitzalleyn, "were not thy confidence most grateful to me, I must, methinks, be strangely insensible."

By this time the travellers had entered the forest. Fitzalleyn drew forth his dial, and, attentively examining it, said, "I like exactness. By an hour after noon I promised to be on the water: it now lacks a few minutes of mid-day; and 'tis strange, methinks, if with our present speed we clear not easily the nine remaining miles."

"List, Fitzalleyn! didst thou hear that whistle?" eagerly demanded Aubrey.

"In sooth did I not," responded his companion.

"Nay, then, in verity! there it is again," said Aubrey, as a shrill whistle echoed through the wood.

"The fellow seems to mouth his bird-call well," replied Fitzalleyn.

At this moment, Maurice, accompanied by about half a score of horsemen, appeared.

"Ho, messieurs! your arms!" shouted he.

"On my life!" cried Fitzalleyn, "these gentlemen seem to possess a wondrous share of courtesy! What didst thou say, sirrah?" continued he, addressing himself to Maurice.

"What we say, sirs," replied the robber, "is, deliver your swords."

"In thy heart only shalt thou have mine, ruffian!" cried De Vere, advancing upon Maurice.

"First rein thy gallant steed, youth!" replied the robber, as, bending his bow, he took his aim, and the next moment the beautiful animal sprang, with a convulsive leap, into the air, and fell, lifeless and bleeding, on the green sward.

"My gallant grey! Well, I must fight on foot!" exclaimed Aubrey de Vere, disengaging himself from his horse: he advanced with his drawn sword.

"Aubrey, art thou mad?" cried Fitzalleyn; "dost thou not see the fellow pointing a second arrow? it is vain to resist—surrender your weapon!"

"Never!" cried Aubrey.

"Think of Gertrude—think of my important mission," returned Fitzalleyn; "love, honour, duty, forbid our rashly sacrificing our lives."

Fitzalleyn had his reasons for preserving Aubrey's life; nor was it Maurice's intention to have executed his menace, in discharging effectually the arrow he had aimed.

"Enough!" cried Aubrey. "Fitzalleyn, thou hast prevailed."

The companions delivered their swords, and each was immediately lashed to his horse, Aubrey having been first mounted on one of the robbers'.

"Tete noir!" said the captain, after they had proceeded little more than a mile, "Tete noir! thou and thy five comrades attend this bearer of despatches to Paris. I will conduct his companion to his destination."

"Aubrey! we must part, it seems; adieu!" cried Fitzalleyn, as the parties separated.

Maurice and his companions proceeded at a rapid rate, with their prisoner, toward their fastness on Mount Didier.

"Release me, varlets!" cried Fitzalleyn, as soon as the trampling of the horses of the other party had ceased to sound on the green turf. "By'r lady!" said he, after being released from his temporary restraint, "by'r lady! fellows, but ye acted your parts admirably, I wist. Aubrey would play the man—I feared ye would ha' been constrained to have your swords through him;

the fellow's patriotism acted stronglier than his love, or he would not have surrendered. But now, my good fellows, ye may follow your comrades; I will journey alone. Trump up some tale of a rescue, or that ye gave me up to another party of your fellows. Adieu, adieu, messieurs."

The robbers departed, and Fitzalleyn pursued his journey. He soon arrived at Dieppe, and, embarking on board an armed vessel, which had been sent thither to receive him, set off with a rather favourable wind for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

O'er-ruling Heaven defeats their base designs,
Blasts the proud fabric of their impious hopes,
Even by the hands that reared it!

From an Original Poem.

The sun was setting in the gaily illumined west, "sinking in glory as a warrior proud," when Henry gave orders for an encampment on the fertile plains of Cambray.

All hands were busied in executing an order so welcome after a long march, and the tents in a short time were spread over the wide and luxuriant champaign. The king, ever indulgent to the wishes of his soldiers, had postponed for an hour the period of retiring to rest.

The camp at this time presented an unusual scene of bustle and gaiety. Groups of soldiers were seen wandering through the lines, listening to the bands of military music that at different stations were playing martial airs. Several parties were at various games; and others were attending to the songs of some wandering minstrels, who fearlessly exhibited their talents in the camp of the enemies of their country.

At this period the Norman French was so generally known by the English soldiers, that few were ignorant of the songs chaunted by these troubadours; and the deep silence that pervaded the group surrounding one vocalist, strikingly contrasting with the roars of merriment that burst from another group, sufficiently indicated the power of these rude minstrels over the feelings of their auditors.

One of these musical vagrants, however, engrossed an unusual share of attention. He was a tall and martial-looking fellow, and sang with a degree of execution that astonished his auditory. At intervals he would suspend his songs, and by a display of much broad wit and comicality, convulse the bystanders with laughter.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, at last, "I have exhausted my stock of minstrel-lore, except, indeed, such as may not be adapted for this assembly. Now, if you have any materials for a song, let me have it, and I will soon work them up into a ditty."

A soldier who stood near assured him they spent too much time in fighting to have much music on their tongues, upon which the following dialogue commenced:—

"But," says the minstrel, "do not your adventures in the field afford you ample store of battle tales and songs of war?"

"In sooth, good Frenchman," replied the soldier, "when we are engaged we have no leisure to think of ballads, and when the battle's done, if we sleep not with the quietus of an arrow in our bosoms, we sleep almost as soundly in our tents, till roused to exertion by the trumpet's call."

"But are there never occurrences that force ye into a ditty?" returned the minstrel. "Do ye never lose some favourite warrior by open hate or treachery?"

"In sooth have we," said the soldier. "Only three days since we lost as gallant a young soldier as ever reared a lance."

"As how?" interrupted the minstrel.

"I will tell thee," returned the soldier. "One was sent with despatches, and his friend accompanied him. In passing a wood a few miles from Dieppe, they were attacked by robbers; the bearer of despatches escaped, and his companion perished, as gallant a gentleman as ever mowed down a countryman of thine."

"And this so lately?" inquired the minstrel.

"Three days ago," replied the Englishman.

As he spoke, the signal for strangers to depart rang through the camp, and at the same instant the patrol passed the spot where the minstrel stood.

The reader may probably recollect the name of Hodge Garlies, the mate of the Pretty Nancy, who, in conjunction with Joe Brandwine and his shipmates, had been so instrumental in detecting the conspiracy against Henry's life. Hodge had changed his profession, and, as a compensation for his services, had received a subordinate promotion.

Now it happened that Hodge commanded the patrol of the district where the minstrel had taken his station. The duty of expelling strangers from the camp in the evening was thus deputed to the quondam mate, whose antipathy to the French was as natural as that of the English bull-dog to the animal from which it derives its name. It may, therefore, be readily sup-

posed that Hodge executed his commission with great alacrity. "Shift your quarters, Frenchman!" said he to the minstrel, in a manner that showed, were his inclinations consulted, he should not soon re-enter the camp.

As the minstrel was retiring, Hodge recognized in him an old acquaintance. He instantly arrested him, and without once losing his hold, dragged him tumultuously to the door of the royal pavilion, and demanded an audience of his highness, who, after hearing a few words, ordered the minstrel into close custody till the morning.

CHAPTER XV.

The villain hath confessed.—Dryden.

"Are the witnesses in waiting?" inquired Henry, who had early in the morning summoned his council to inquire into the circumstances connected with the apprehension of the French minstrel, as noticed in the preceding chapter.

"Both they and the prisoner are in waiting, your highness," replied an officer.

"Confront them," said the king; and in a few minutes Hodge Garlies and three of his shipmates, who had, like himself, accepted the king's commission, entered the tent, followed by Maurice, who was strongly manacled.

This singular personage, after having secured the person of Aubrey de Vere, had adopted the disguise of a wandering minstrel, and entered the English camp for the purpose of ascertaining the opinion entertained of the fate of his captive. It was with this view that he had entered into conversation with the English soldier, and, without exciting suspicion, had learned the story, as related in a letter from Fitzalleyn, containing a fictitious account of Aubrey's death.

Hodge was directed to substantiate the charge he had made on the preceding night, which he did by a circumstantial, yet somewhat curious, detail of the events recorded in our third chapter.

In this account he was supported by the testimony of his companions, all of whom most positively maintained the identity of the minstrel with the bearer of the letters to the criminals Grey, Cambridge, and Scroop.

"Now, sir minstrel, hast thou any confession to make?" said Henry.

"Will it exempt me from the punishment that now awaits me?" inquired Maurice.

"It becomes not thee to make such inquiry," replied the king.
"Then send me to my doom!" responded the criminal;
"thou canst kill, but, believe me, thou wilt not intimidate me."

"Enough!" said the king; "away with this miscreant—the rack will teach him truth! And, Garlies," added the king, after Maurice had been removed from his presence, "be thou present when that caitiff expiates his crimes upon the wheel: thy attendance may be a check on him; for even with torture in his frame, and with hell before his eyes, I should not marvel if he vent in lies his dying breath."

The king then dismissed his council, and retired to indulge in privacy his reflections. He had not been long thus engaged when a message arrived from the officer into whose custody Maurice had been committed, informing him that the criminal was prepared to make confession.

The king inquired if he had been subjected to the torture, and was answered in the negative. He immediately commanded his presence. The extent of his confession was unknown, the king, his brother, and the Earl of Westmoreland, being alone privy to it.

In less than half an hour a body of picked cavalry, under the command of Sir Augustus Dalville, set off at a rapid pace in a direction for Paris, as was presumed by the inquisitive soldiery. Maurice was strapped to his horse, and his guards had positive orders to stab him to the heart, if they should discover in his conduct the least retracting from his engagements. Previously to his departure he had been given to understand that instant death would be the consequence of a failure of the object of the journey.

The reader will, we imagine, have, ere this, discovered the destination of the party to be the robber's fortress on Mount Didier, with the liberation of Aubrey de Vere for their object. From the place of encampment to this spot, the distance was barely eight leagues, and in two hours the gallant company had entered the wood that circled the mountain. Maurice's whistle was shortly after heard echoing through the wood, and the whole of the banditti appeared, to the number of nearly three-score.

"These long arrows would make havoc in thy company, sir captain," said Maurice to Sir Augustus Dalville. "Comrades!" said he, elevating his voice, "your captain is a prisoner; are ye prepared to rescue?"

Every bow was instantaneously bent.

"Hold! ye ready hands and gallant hearts!" he exclaimed; and putting aside the sabres that his guards held pointed to his breast, "put down your weapons, fellows," said he; "think ye the leader of a gallant troop like yonder one, has fear of death before his eyes? *Tete noir!*" continued he, "produce your captive."

The robber he addressed immediately retired, and shortly after returned with Aubrey de Vere. Sir Augustus rode forward, and embraced his friend.

"Augustus, this *is* friendship!" exclaimed Aubrey, warmly returning the embrace.

"Captain, have I forfeited mine honour?" asked Maurice.

"By the mass!" exclaimed Dalville, "indeed thou hast not; and I can respect thee for thy nobleness. Gentlemen!" continued he to the robbers, "be not alarmed for the safety of your leader—on the word of a true knight he shall not be harmed."

Maurice waved his hand, and the robbers slowly and sadly retired. Sir Augustus ordered him to be released from constraint, and the whole party instantly returned to Cambray.

CHAPTER XVI.

He is but a friar, yet he's big enough to be a pope.—*Dryden.*

Previously to the events recorded in the two preceding chapters, Fitzalleyn had arrived at Southampton. To send for Father Barnabas, who was to be prime agitator in the design he had in contemplation, was his first step.

The monk could ill suppress his gratification on the receipt of the message. "My remembrance to Master Fitzalleyn," said he to the messenger, "and in an hour from this, I will, *deo volente*, gratify myself by waiting on him."

True to his appointment the monk was seen guiding his palfrey down the main street of the "good towne of Hamptone," and entering the hostelry near the quay.

"Ah, my pious father!" cried Fitzalleyn, "I see thou art still punctual as ever. 'Fore George! thy abbey provender, I trow, agrees well with thee and thy palfrey—ye both look sleek and trim."

"Content and a quiet mind, good Fitzalleyn," replied the monk, "go far to improve the condition of both man and beast."

"Good cheer and a sleeping conscience, thou shouldst say, father!" said Fitzalleyn. "Why, Barnaby, in verity, I think thy palfrey has double the weight to carry he used to have. Thou art, indeed, wondrously increased. But, my good monk, how fares my little rosebud, blooming as ever? prithee tell me,

how is the lovely Gertrude?" continued Fitzalleyn; adding, "I call her mine, for mine, good father, she will be, an thou aid me with thy pious endeavours."

"And how can I assist thee?" demanded Barnabas.

"Hear me," said Fitzalleyn: "in two hours from this time I set off for London with despatches from the king to his council."

"And art thou truly invested with this authority? art thou in verity charged with despatches?" interrupted the monk

"Aye, by my fay, am I!" replied his companion; adding, as the monk burst into a loud laugh, "and is there aught marvellous in that, good Barnaby?"

"No, Fitz; I could not, however, help thinking of Maurice's despatches to us."

"Ah, right, Barnaby," returned Fitzalleyn; "they were, in verity, of somewhat different nature from those I bear; but to my tale. As I told thee, I shall leave this place very shortly. My stay in London will be several days. Now, my design is this; do thou represent to Mistress Gertrude that it is Aubrey who is charged with despatches; tell her it will be impossible for him to make any tarry, and that, if she would see him, she must meet him at the chapel at Netley. Give her this cross," said he, handing the monk the jewelled cross which Aubrey had entrusted to his charge, "give her this cross, it will confirm her belief that none but Aubrey could have commissioned thee; and hark ye, Barnabas, be faithful and discreet; tell her, and season the intelligence with as much piety as thou art master of, tell her, that to secure him from a hazardous enterprize to which he is appointed immediately on his return to France, she must consent to unite her fate with his, instantly on his return from London. Conquer her scruples. Enjoin her to secrecy as regards her father; and at the hour of eleven on the third night from this, be with her at the altar in the abbey chapel: be careful to impress upon her mind that it is but antedating the ceremony a few days, or weeks at most, and that it will exempt her lover from a dangerous service. Barnabas, thou dear fellow, the plot can but succeed; and mark, at eleven, on the third night from this, in the chapel at Netley."

"As to secrecy toward her father," coolly replied the monk, "that would be impossible, were he not fortunately absent."

"Absent! that is indeed most opportune; thus the only danger is removed, for, Barnaby, where a woman loves—"

"Nay, none of thy raptures, good Fitzalleyn," interrupted the monk; "besides, her love is not thine."

"I know it, I know it," impatiently replied Fitzalleyn; "but Aubrey is secured, and once united to Gertrude, it will be my own fault if I do not shortly teach her to forget him."

"Why, there," replied the monk, "thou hast reason on thy side. Woman's will, you know, must be forced. Well, Fitz," continued he, "thou must not, I opine, be refused. Speed thee to London; transact thine affairs there without thought of Netley, or thou wilt barely 'scape the charge of madness. When thou returnest to Southampton, I'll stake my credit that thy wife awaits thee."

"Then, my friend," returned Fitzalleyn, "once united to Gertrude, once bound in vinculo matrimonii, the devil himself shall fail to part us. There, Barnaby, didst ever hear me quote Latin afore?"

"And I will reply," said the monk. "Quos deus adjunxit, nemo sepatet. Adieu, Fitz, adieu."

He left the apartment, and, mounting his palfrey, returned to Netley.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRAGMENT.

Do they love thee now
 Who fondly round thee prest,
 When rapture danced within thy breast,
 And smiles lit up thy brow?
 Do they cling to thee,
 And hush thy whelming fears,
 When they behold, too wild for tears,
 Thy bosom's agony?
 Upon thy altered frame
 They calmly, coldly gaze,
 Who circled thee, amid the blaze,
 Of fortune and of fame?
 Dishonour's on thy name,
 Despair is in thy heart,
 Yet is there one to whom thou art
 Still faultless—still the same,
 As when at thy dear side
 She knelt, and breathed the vow
 That made her thine—the prayer that thou
 Responding, hail'dst her bride!
 Oh, she was born to bless
 Thy being—every tear
 Of thine she shares, for bitterness
 Hath made thee doubly dear!

CHARLES M.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.—NO. IV.

THE MAIDEN QUEEN.

"Is the earl at home?" demanded a gentleman, as he alighted at Essex House, from a horse which seemed to have been ridden long and furiously.

"His lordship is indisposed, and cannot be spoken with," replied the porter.

"Tell him Ralph Neville is at the door," said the stranger.

The porter retired; and, almost instantly returning, admitted the youth, who, hearing the earl was in his library, repaired thither, and was met at the door by his lordship, who received him with all the affectionate familiarity of an old and valued friend.

"Well, my dear lord," said Neville, "I am returned, covered, I suppose, with obloquy, yet supported by conscious rectitude, and prepared to throw myself and fortunes at the feet of our sovereign lady, and by her smile or frown to stand or fall."

"Nay, Ralph," cried the earl, "an thou trust'st to woman's smiles, thou baskest in an uncertain sunshine."

"Thyself, my gallant lord, art a proof of the contrary," replied Neville; adding, "I shall trespass on thy friendship, my dear Essex, to accompany me instantly to the queen, where the sun of thy eloquence will, I doubt not, dispel the mist that clouds my name, and hurl shame upon my base aspersers."

"Ah! my friend," said the earl, while the glow that for a moment lit up his pallid cheek betrayed the agitation of his feelings, "thou prop'st thine expectations on a broken reed. The sun of Essex's honour has set; the queen and her servant are estranged, no more to be re-united."

"Impossible!" ejaculated Neville.

"Ah! Ralph," continued Essex, "thou know'st not how precarious is *his* fortune who hangs upon a prince's favour. Long and faithfully have I served her majesty—not as the hireling of a court—not as a heartless, selfish sycophant—but as her leal and devoted slave. I have shared her griefs—I have mourned for her losses of fame and fortune—and, more than all, I have borne the contumely of her imperious temper. What has been my requital? Neville, blush for my dishonour—a contemptuous scoff—a blow!"

"Nay, my good lord," replied Neville, "some imprudence of thine must, I am persuaded, have urged the queen to this intemperate act. Thou well knew'st her high spirit brooks not contradiction, and shouldst have given it way: thou art too unbending—

shall I say, too imperious—to thy royal mistress. But come,” added he, perceiving the earl to be deeply agitated, “I see not such mortal injury to thy honour; the wound was from a fair and royal hand, and should not, methinks—”

“Hold, Neville!” interrupted Essex; “does the lion’s rage the less alarm the traveller because he is the lord of brutes? can the wound I have received give me less pain because inflicted by a royal hand? no; let those who make their profit of princes show no sense of princes’ injuries. I sought not favour; I courted not advancement; but when her majesty was pleased to honour me I served her faithfully—”

“And *humbly*?” interrogated Neville.

“As a man!” replied the earl, “intrepidly and unceasingly; and rather is my wound the deeper, inflicted as it is by one whose honour and interest have ever been my delight. But no more of this,” continued the earl; “a recital of my injuries can but distress thee, Neville, while to me it yields but aggravated pain. Go thou to the queen, and may the god of justice so enable thee to plead thy cause, that her majesty may cease to entertain those unjust suspicions against her truest subject; for such, in spite of appearances, I have ever maintained thou art.”

“In truth will I to the queen, and from my lips, Essex, she shall hear a justification of my friend.”

“Not an thou lov’st me, Ralph,” replied the earl, “wilt thou make mention of my name to the queen. Leave it to time and to her own heart to make me reparation. Yet, Neville, seek not to-day an audience of her majesty; her temper as yet is ruffled, her passion unsubsidied, and the fault of Essex may be visited on his friend.”

“What, then,” inquired Neville, “didst thou so far forget thyself as to be betrayed to anger?”

“Wouldst thou have me treated as a slave, and not prove myself a noble?” replied the earl; adding, “Neville, my disgrace has given me occasion to prove friendship almost superior to love: thou hast been too interested by my fortunes to think of the Lady Blanche.”

“Nay, my lord,” returned Neville, “I had not forgotten her; how fares she?”

“This morning at the palace I conversed with her of thee. She saw me depart, enraged, from the council; the tale of my humiliation had been whispered round; she was affected, even to tears, by the dishonour of her Neville’s friend.”

“I should scarce deem her worth my love,” said Ralph, “if

she felt not for my friend ; but was thy quarrel with the queen so recent ?”

“Still so curious, Ralph,” replied the earl, smiling ; “I shall grow jealous by-and-by, and almost suspect thou art disposed to profit by my disgrace. This morning the rupture was, and, therefore, Ralph, thou hadst best defer till to-morrow thy interview with the queen. It is possible some latent tenderness for Essex may, when her passion cools, work well to his friend. But now, Neville, let me introduce thee to Lady Essex : that angel woman has been doubly dear to me since my disgrace. She hails with pleasure my release from the cares and dangers of a court, and restoration to domestic bliss. Hark ! is not that her voice ?” continued the earl, as the full and mellow tones of a harp were heard in an adjoining apartment, in an accompaniment to the following canzonet, sung with the most bewitching simplicity and pathos :

“Fly, love, with me, from the snares that delight thee,
Falsely secure thou art lingering here—
Hasten where love’s soft endearments invite thee,
Tender as even fond passion’s own tear !

Joy’s rosy chaplets are scattered around thee,
War’s laurelled wreaths would thy wishes employ :
Thorns ’neath the roses are lurking to wound thee,
Laurels have poisons, thy peace to destroy.

Fly from the pleasures that smile to undo thee,
No longer confide to the flatterer’s smile ;
Beware of the praise that to ruin would woo thee,
Of the hand that would fondle and stab thee the while.

And come, love, with me, if my prayers have won thee,
To the spot where no falsehood disquiet shall raise,
Where eyes that adore thee shall ever beam on thee,
Where the lips of affection shall whisper thy praise !”

“Sweet songstress !” ejaculated the earl, while the tears rushed into his eyes, “I will indeed quit the cares and dangers of the court for the sweets of unambitious privacy ! Happy shall I be if my proud heart can humble to its lowly lot. But come, my friend,” continued he, “let us to my lady. She is not aware of your arrival, Neville, or she would not, I trow, have played the minstrel on so heart-speaking a subject.”

On the morning after the events above narrated, the Lady Margaret Wriothesly, a maid of honour in the confidence of the queen, was summoned to Elizabeth’s chamber.

“Wriothesly,” said the queen, “didst thou take heed of Essex yesterday, when he left the court ? how did he bear himself ?”

"Wild with rage, my lady," replied the confidante, "he flung himself from the council-chamber. His fury, however, subsided when the Lady Blanche appeared. He took her hand, and, as he whispered an adieu, I think I saw their lips meet."

"*Think!*" interrupted the queen, "what mean'st thou? art thou not *sure* thou saw'st it? Yes; I see thou art; thou fearedst, perhaps, kind creature, to do violence to my feelings; but mark me, woman, Elizabeth is not to be trifled with; if she honours thee with her confidence, in return she expects the truth. Nay, no tears, girl," added she: "perhaps I wrong thee; thou know'st my mood, and shouldst not take it ill. Assist me to dress, Wriothesly," continued the queen, "and then to the presence-chamber; there are petitions to be received. As for Essex, I will forget him; the proud noble has forfeited my friendship, and is, ere this, I doubt not, bitterly repenting his frowardness. If ever I restore him to favour it must not be yet—an ungovernable beast must be stinted.* But Blanche, the minion! I can neither forget nor forgive *her*."

With these words the queen repaired to the presence-chamber, which was thronged with courtiers and petitioners, who, on her entry, rent the air with their acclamations of "God save Queen Elizabeth!"

"I thank you, good people," said the queen; "and now for the petitions. Ralph Neville!" cried she, as the youth pressed forward, and threw himself at her feet, "how is this? hadst thou permission to return to England?"

"Disgraced from the appointment with which your majesty thought fit to honour me," replied Neville, "I have presumed to apply to my sovereign, to convince her, that, though branded as an unworthy servant, I am not, as my enemies would represent me, in heart a traitor. I come, gracious queen, to solicit your justice."

"Ha! rash boy, thou know'st not upon what dangers thou art rushing. Justice would to thee be condemnation—away, Neville! I honoured thy father for his fidelity, and love for his memory bids me extend towards his son the only mercy in my gift, that of silence on the subject of his offences."

"Respect for the memory of *that* father, most gracious lady, forbids Ralph Neville from bowing his head to undeserved obloquy. I seek not mercy, lady, I ask for justice; let a full in-

* These last words were actually employed by Elizabeth, in reference to the refusal of Essex to make submissions to her.

quiry be made into my conduct, and by the faithful chronicle of my deeds let me stand or fall!"

"Away, young man!" exclaimed the queen; "again I warn thee thou tread'st on slippery ground—a fall will plunge thee into ruin and dishonour."

"If danger menace me, lady, unshrinkingly I woo it."

"Ha! does thy pride reject our mercy?" exclaimed Elizabeth; "then, by the rood, thou shalt have terrible justice! I tell thee, Ralph Neville, thou art a traitor; a vile and dastardly traitor! Thou wert appointed to the command of one of our fairest Irish towns, and did secretly betray to a barbarian enemy thy sacred and important trust."

"You are deceived, my queen! my enemies at home—foes, who, under these very walls, crouch to thee with all the show of fidelity—betrayed both thee and me. My officers were their creatures—they were instructed to work my downfall, at the terrible sacrifice of your interest and honour."

"'Tis false! 'tis false as hell!" cried the queen, while her whole frame shook with fury. "Officers, remove the prisoner. Ralph Neville, wert thou my own brother's son, thou shouldst die a traitor's death!"

Neville was about to be conveyed from the chamber, when the Lady Blanche, who, as maid of honour to the queen, was in attendance, threw herself at the feet of Elizabeth.

"Spare him, my mistress!" she ejaculated, "he is thy true subject, thy devoted slave."

"In the name of God, woman! by what right dost thou intercede for him?"

"By the most sacred of all rights, my queen, by that of marriage—he is my husband!"

"Explain this mystery," said the queen, struggling with her resentment.

"Before his departure for Ireland, madam, I privately gave him my hand."

"Who was present, mistress, at this marriage?"

"The Earl and Countess of Essex."

"Hence, minion!" cried the queen, spurning from her the error-smitten Blanche. "Neville, hear me," added she; "thou didst wed this woman without my knowledge or consent*—doubtless by the advice of Essex, who thought himself entitled to

* None of the nobility could marry without the consent of the sovereign.—*Hume*.

make or unmake laws at his pleasure. The earl is liberal towards his friends, thus to palm upon them his rejected mistresses ! 'Essex was yesterday disgraced and banished from my presence ; and, God's death ! he will look long ere he be reinstated in my favour. He was seen to take his farewell from the lips of this weeping beauty, this fair Magdalene. Neville," continued the queen, in a tone of bitter irony, "I congratulate thee on thy marriage with the leman of thy friend."

"Thou dost foul wrong to my friend and my chaste wife," cried Ralph, urged by her taunts to a forgetfulness of all respect.

"Insolent wretch !" cried the queen ; but, checking her fury, she proceeded, "hear me farther : thou and thy *chaste* wife shall spend the honeymoon beneath one roof ; but, mark me, in separate apartments—in the Tower ; the most fitting abode for an adulteress and a traitor. Officers, remove them."

As the queen spoke, she left the place, and, retiring to her chamber, gave herself up to reflections scarcely less pleasurable than those of her victims.

* * * * *

During several weeks did the active and aspiring spirit of the Earl of Essex pine in obscurity and estrangement from his royal mistress, yet did his pride refuse to make such submissions as might have reinstated him in her favour ; submissions to which his friends zealously exhorted him.

The enemies of the high-spirited nobleman were beginning to triumph in the downfall of their late powerful rival, while his desponding friends already beheld the failure of every hope they had cherished for his restoration to that favour and distinction to which his great and generous qualities so justly entitled him.

It was at this period that some officers of Ralph Neville's regiment arrived at Essex House from Ireland, whose evidence enabled the earl to establish his friend's innocence of the charge which, since his unfortunate interview with the queen, had retained him in close confinement. Anxious to release Neville and his unhappy bride from their perilous and humiliating situation, the earl repaired with his witnesses to the palace, and solicited, as a stranger, an audience of her majesty. The mental disquietude of a few weeks had wrought so entire a change in the countenance of the young nobleman, lately glowing with health and animation, that, appearing in the company of strangers, and in the habit of a private gentleman, he passed undiscovered by the numerous officers of the court to the queen's presence.

Almost overcome with surprise and gratification, Elizabeth received her penitent favourite. The tears rushed into her eyes, as she addressed him. "Was it kind, my lord, to steal upon me thus? I was prepared to meet a stranger, an indifferent person—not one who—" The queen checked herself, and raising the earl from his knees, addressed him. "But thou look'st ill, Essex; thou hast, I fear, taken too much to heart my brief resentment."

The earl was beginning to assign a more rational cause for his indisposition, when the queen interrupted him. "Nay, proud fool," said she, smiling, at the same time tapping him playfully on the cheek, "thou canst not deny thou hast been unhappy. I, too, had feared that unlucky violence of mine had lost me my best friend and most faithful servant; forgive me, Essex, and tell me 'tis not so." The earl kissed her extended hand, and expressed his grateful acknowledgments of kindness equally unexpected and unmerited.

"Nay, not unmerited," said the queen; adding, "we were both carried away by our passions, and must forgive each other. But what would these gentles?" demanded the queen, directing her attention to the companions of Essex, whom she had scarce observed before, so much had her attention been engrossed by the favourite.

The earl briefly explained their business.

"I foresee a successful termination of Neville's difficulties," said the queen; "I will immediately despatch messengers to summon hither himself and his bride. In the mean time, Essex, I need thy advice on a subject which now employs my privy-council; they are at this moment sitting to decide on the appointment of a successor to my lamented Burleigh; let us share their deliberations. These gentlemen, thy companions, may have the range of the palace, till summoned to the presence-chamber."

The astonishment of the members of the privy-council may be readily conceived, at the entrance of the queen attended by the Earl of Essex, who, during the progress of the debate, (to a participation of which he was kindly invited by Elizabeth,) evidently enjoyed an increase of her esteem and affection. At the conclusion of their deliberations, the queen addressed the nobles present, "My lords, ye were witnesses, some weeks ago, to the committal of a reputed traitor; ye are now invited to witness the enlargement and restoration to his rights of an injured subject—follow me to the presence-chamber."

On their arrival thither, Ralph Neville and the Lady Blanche were discovered in the custody of officers of the Tower, while in

another part of the room were seen the persons whom Essex had brought to the palace.

"Has Ralph Neville had communication with those gentlemen?" demanded the queen, as she took her seat, motioning the Earl of Essex to sit beside her.

The officers replied in the negative.

"Tis well," said Elizabeth; "and now to business. Ralph Neville, thou art accused of having traitorously yielded to the enemy the town of Waterword, which thou wert appointed to garrison: thou hast previously denied the charge; hast thou evidence to prove thine innocence?"

"I perceive in this apartment, my lady," replied Neville, "some officers of my regiment. Kindness to me, I can readily imagine, has brought them hither. On their testimony of the general loyalty of my conduct I repose my claim to belief, while I again most solemnly assert my innocence."

"Sir cavaliers," said the queen, "ye are at liberty to speak in the defence of your commander."

One of the witnesses presented to the queen a sealed parchment, which she delivered to Essex, who, having broken the seal, returned it to her majesty.

"What is this?" said the queen, as she proceeded to read the contents. "'The death-bed confession of Mark Elson, an officer in Neville's regiment, as received by Walter Hatton, Philip Heylin, and Henry Sydney, officers in the same corps.' Essex, read the remainder," said the queen, handing him the packet.

Essex complied.

"'Expecting shortly to appear in the presence of my Maker, I absolve my conscience, by this faithful acknowledgment, of an offence against a guiltless gentleman, who is, I doubt not, ere this, suffering for my misdeeds. From the hands of Paul Wriothesly, whose confidential agent I have long been, I received a bribe of five hundred pounds, and a commission in the regiment commanded by Ralph Neville, as an inducement to betray into the hands of the enemy the town under the charge of that officer. This I accomplished by suborning the two sentinels at the west gate, who, on the entry of the enemy, were slaughtered, to prevent discovery. I make this confession to three of my comrades, entreating them to spare no exertions, that the truth may reach the ears of our gracious queen.'"

"Ye are, I trow, the gentlemen whose names are mentioned in the confession?" said Elizabeth, addressing the witnesses.

"Your majesty is correct," replied Walter Hatton; "and, with permission, I will speak for myself and my brother-officers."

"Proceed," said the queen.

"At the request of the dying Elson (who, almost immediately after the consummation of his treachery, was struck, as if by the avenging hand of Heaven, with a mortal malady,) we were released by the Irish chieftain, O'Neal, and, repairing to headquarters, requested leave of absence, which was denied us. Seeing the necessity of despatch we resigned our commissions, and hastened to obtain justice for our injured commander."

"By the rood! my friends," said Elizabeth, "your conduct becomes your cause; and far be it from Elizabeth to throw any obstacle in the path of justice. Ralph Neville, I repent me of the rash expressions I employed toward thee. I grieve for thy undeserved imprisonment; and, as the only recompense in my gift, I absolve thee and thy fair spouse from all blame touching your covert union. And now," added she, in a sterner tone, "there are others to whom justice must be awarded. Paul Wriothoesly, the charge of treason cleaves to thee—rebut it, an thou'rt able."

"I trust, my queen," replied the traitor, "your majesty will allow me time to prepare my defence."

"Time! thou cool, inveterate hater!" cried the queen, "thou hast had time for repentance! The victim of thy duplicity has long languished in a dungeon, while thou hast secretly triumphed in his sufferings. But I know the main-spring of thy machinations—thou art the neglected rival of Neville in the affections of the Lady Blanche. Thy sister sought to poison my ear against that innocent woman; but I have detected her duplicity, and *thy* disgrace shall be *her* punishment. Away! perpetual exile be thy reward—I requite not thy treason more severely; 'twill be pain enough to thee to know thy rival enjoys the regards of thy queen, and the affections of thy mistress!"

CHARLES M.

SERENADE.

FLEET as the falcon o'er Leman's deep tide,
Lover of Leila, thy galley should glide;
For, gazing afar from her lattice on high,
The maiden awaits, and wishes thee nigh.
She has promised to tempt the wave to-night,
In her lover's bark, by the calm moonlight.
Thy loved guitar's sweet murmurs wake,
And fling its melody o'er the lake,
And Leila's ear entranced shall listen,
And Leila's eye delighted glisten.
Thus Beauty and Heaven, happy lover, on thee
Shall smile in their softest witchery.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

ALTHOUGH the publishing season is advancing with rapid strides, a mere enumeration of the various works, large and small, which the past month has sent forth, would occupy no little space. Of the great abundance continually pouring upon us, the small proportion which appears likely to occupy a place among our standard authors is by no means flattering to the present state of literature, the majority being written with a view to present profit only, and calculated to excite no higher interest than the newspaper of the day—to be read and forgotten. Even “*The Doom of Devorgoil, a Melo-Drama,*” and “*Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy,*” though bearing the great name of Sir Walter Scott, a name which will always maintain a place in the very highest rank of British poets and novelists, will add little to his fame. The former was written for the Adelphi Theatre when Mr. Terry, for whom Sir Walter had a particular regard, was its proprietor; but the manner in which the mimic goblins of Devorgoil are intermixed with the supernatural machinery rendered it unfit for representation, in addition to which, the plot is extremely meagre, and the entire subject below the author’s powers. “*Auchindrane,*” however, contains some fine passages, and is altogether of a higher character, and founded on a much more interesting story.

Even *Voyages and Travels* are assuming somewhat of the novel form, and coming forth as “*Notices,*” “*Notes,*” and “*Narratives.*” In addition to “*Notices of Brazil,*” we have now “*Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys,*” collected during his travels in the east, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt; “*Notes on Haiti,*” or St. Domingo, made during a residence in that republic, by Charles Mackenzie, Esq.; and a “*Narrative of a Tour through some Parts of the Turkish Empire,*” by John Fuller, Esq. In the latter is an interesting account of a Christian marriage in Aleppo, at which the author was present, and which appears, in that country, to be no ordinary affair. The rejoicings were kept up for several days, during which various stories were told by an old buffoon, of which the following is a specimen:

THE JEW OF HAMAH.

“Once upon a time there lived in Hamah a certain Turk called Mustapha, who, having accumulated some wealth by carrying on a trade in goats’ hair, determined to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. His family consisted of his wife and two slaves; and as the lady insisted on not being left behind, the good man resolved to sell off his stock of goats’ hair, to take all his household with him,

and to shut up his house till his return. The only difficulty that presented itself was what to do with his money. He did not like to run the risk of being robbed of it in his journey through the desert, he did not like to leave it in an empty house, and there were not any of his friends to whom he wished to trust the secret of his wealth. After much deliberation he placed it in separate parcels at the bottom of five large earthen jars, which he then filled up with butter, and on his departure sent them to the house of one of his neighbours, a Jew named Mousa, to keep till his return, telling him that it was a stock which he had laid in for winter consumption. The Jew, however, from the weight of the jars and other circumstances, suspected that they contained something more valuable ; and as soon as Mustapha was fairly on his way to Damascus to join the caravan, he ventured to open them ; when, finding his expectations realized, he took out the gold and filled them up again with butter so carefully, that nobody could tell that they had been disturbed. The poor Turk, on his return from the pilgrimage, soon found out the trick that his neighbour had practised upon him ; but as the jars were exactly in the same apparent state as when he left them, and as there was no evidence as to their contents, it was plain that no legal process could give him any redress. He therefore set about to devise some other way of punishing the Jew, and of recovering if possible his property ; and in the mean time he did not communicate his loss to any person but his wife, and enjoined on her the strictest secrecy. After long consideration, a plan suggested itself. In one of his visits to the neighbouring town of Homs, where he was in the habit of going to sell his goats' hair to the manufacturers of the mashlakhs, for which that place is famous, he fell in with a troop of gypsies, who had with them an ape of extraordinary sagacity. He prevailed on them to sell him this animal ; and conveying it privately to his house at Hamah, shut it up in a room to which no one but himself had access. He then went to the bazar and bought one of the dark scanty robes and the small caps or *kalpaks*, with a speckled handkerchief tied closely round it, which is the prescribed costume of the Jews throughout the Turkish empire. This dress he took care invariably to put on whenever he went to visit his ape ; and as he always carried him his meals, and indeed never allowed any other person to see him, the animal in the course of a few weeks became extremely attached to him, jumping on his neck and hugging and caressing him as soon as he entered the room. About this time, as he was walking along the streets one day he met a lad, the son of the Jew Mousa, and having en-

ticed him into his house by the promise of some figs, he shut him up a close prisoner in a detached apartment in his garden, at such a distance from the street, and from the other houses in the town, that the boy could not discover to any one the place of his confinement. The Jew, after several days' search, not being able to gain any tidings of him, concluded that he had either been drowned, or had strayed out of the town and fallen into the hands of some wandering Bedouins; and as he was his only child, fell into a state of the greatest despair: till at length he heard by accident, that just about the time that the boy was missing, he had been seen walking in company with Hadgi Mustapha. The truth instantly flashed on his mind, and he recognized in the loss of his son some stratagem which the Turk had planned in revenge for the affair of the butter-jars. He immediately summoned him before the *cadi*, accused him of having the boy in his possession, and insisted on his immediately restoring him. Mustapha at first strenuously denied the fact; but when one of the witnesses positively declared that he saw the boy go into his house, and when the *cadi* was about to pronounce his decree, that he should bring him into court dead or alive,—‘*Yah illah, el Allah!*’ he exclaimed, ‘there is no God but Allah, and his power is infinite; he can work miracles when it seemeth good in his sight. It is true, *effendi*,’ continued he, addressing himself to the *cadi*, ‘that I saw the Jew Mousa’s son passing by my house; and for the sake of the old friendship subsisting between his father and myself, I invited him to come in and to eat some figs which I had just been gathering. The boy, however, repaid my hospitality with rudeness and abuse: nay, he even blasphemed the name of our holy prophet: but scarcely had the words passed his lips, when, to my surprise and horror, he was suddenly changed into a monkey. In that form I will produce him: and as a proof that what I tell you is true, you will see that he will immediately recognize his father.’ At this instant a servant who was waiting on the outside let loose the ape into the *divan*, who seeing that the Jew was the only person present in the dress to which he was accustomed, mistook him for his master, jumped upon him, and clung round his neck with all the expressions of fondness which the child might have been supposed to exhibit on being restored to his parent. Nothing more was wanting to convince the audience of the truth of Mustapha’s story; ‘A miracle, a real miracle!’ they cried out, ‘great is Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet:’ and the Jew was ordered to take the monkey and retire from the court. A compromise was now his only resource; and accordingly, as soon as

it was dark, and he could go unobserved, he repaired to Mustapha's house, and offered, if he would liberate his son, to restore all the money which he had taken from the butter-jars. The Turk having attained his object, consented to release his prisoner; but in order to keep up his own credit, he stipulated that the child should be removed privately, and that the father, with his whole family, should immediately quit the place. The popular belief in the miracle thus remained unshaken; and so great was the disrepute into which the Jews fell in consequence of this adventure, that they all departed one after the other, and none have ever since been known to reside in Hamah."

"Travels in Kamtchatka and Siberia, with a Narrative of a Residence in China," by Peter Dobell, councillor of the court of the Emperor of Russia, relate many curious particulars of those countries. His description of a Chinese dandy has some novelty. "Many persons," he says, "have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit-maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick, hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with *chulan* flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable. The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and under garments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate."

These vain people give a curious account of the origin of letters. "A Chinese," they say, "who was accustomed when he walked to take a book for his amusement, went once some distance into the woods, where he stopped to read and rest himself. Finding himself fatigued, he put the book down on the ground and placed a stone on it, whilst he lay down to repose himself. After a while he got up and went home—but forgot the book. It remained there for several years, until every part was decayed, except twenty-four characters covered by the stone. These a monkey afterwards found, and not being able to read them, he presented them to the Europeans, who formed their language with them. This story, ridiculous as it is, shews the vanity and pride of the Chinese, and the contempt they have for Europeans."

A "Personal Narrative of an Officer in the Army of Occupation in France from 1815 to 1818," is written by a medical officer, and much of what he details has the charm of novelty.

Horace Smith, the author of "Brambletye House," has just produced a novel in three volumes, under the title of "Walter Colyton, a Tale of 1688," which aspires to a place with those of Sir Walter Scott; but though it will, no doubt, be very generally read, it will not add much to the reputation of the author. The story is interesting; but as a summary of it would be unentertaining to those who have read it, and destroy the pleasure of perusal by those who have not, we shall merely give an extract by way of specimen. The speaker is addressing William III. on the time-serving character of too many of the then English courtiers:—"I can easily believe that this covetousness and inconsistency on the one side, coupled with the insight which your majesty must have obtained into the clamorous protestations of universal loyalty that preceded the general defection from the late king, may have lowered our nation in your eyes; nor can I deny that the revolution, however glorious to your majesty, however blessed in its results, may be hereafter deemed dishonourable to the people of England in the mode of its achievement. But the Stuarts are only the victims of the general corruption they themselves effected. At the time of the restoration, high-minded Puritans of the Hutchinson and Ludlow stamp were still living, men who might have strengthened the public mind by imparting to it their own morality and strict religious tone; even as the Goths, when they intermingled with the degenerate people of Italy, corroborated their bodily strength. But in the reign of Charles the Second, drunkenness, irreligion, immorality, and corruption, became tests of loyalty; and the people at large soon learned to imitate, though

they could not surpass, the gross depravity of the court. Charles and his successor were both pensioners of France ; both secretly leagued with a foreign despot against their subjects ; and they can have no right therefore to complain when the people turned the stream of corruption, and entered into conspiracies against themselves. It will be for your majesty to commence a moral revolution, still more glorious than the political one you have achieved, by making the court a school of religion, morality, and decorum ; and thus gradually reforming the people by the same high example that has so thoroughly corrupted them."

"The King's Own," by Captain Marryat, author of "The Naval Officer," a novel in the style of Mr. Cooper, is a considerable improvement on the captain's former production, and will be read with interest. "Carwell, or Crime and Sorrow," is a melancholy story well sustained. "Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715," is another attempt to tread in the path of Sir Walter Scott ; the author, however, though apparently a young writer, is not without talent. "The Game of Life," by Leitch Ritchie, is of the school of Fielding rather than of Scott, and bears no resemblance to the fashionable novels of the day. "The Jewish Maiden" is an interesting story very prettily told.

"Three Courses and a Dessert," with about fifty sketches on wood, from the inimitable pencil of George Cruikshank, has some literary as well as graphic merit. The three courses are three sets of tales or scenes ; the first, West Country Chronicles ; the second, Irish ; the third, Legal ; and the Dessert, Miscellaneous. Another illustrated work, by W. H. Brooke, has been published by *our sister*, as Paddy calls himself, being the production of the Dublin press, entitled "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," in two volumes. They are nine in number, and delightful stories they are.

"The Fugitives, or a Trip to Canada," and "Anecdotal Reminiscences of Distinguished Literary and Political Characters," are productions of a class with which the press ought not to be burthened. They display little talent, and excite little interest.

"Sketches from Nature," consist of a variety of narratives, the result of Mr. Macdiarmid's observations, all of which are amusing, and many display great descriptive power.

The supply of Memoirs of Buonaparte from France seems inexhaustible. We scarcely expected that any thing new could now be published concerning him, but two volumes of "Private Memoirs" of this extraordinary man, written by M. de Bourrienne, his private secretary, have just appeared, which prove the subject

to be not quite exhausted. "Three Lectures on the Cost of obtaining Money," by N. W. Senior; "India," by R. Rickards, Esq.; and a "History of the University of Edinburgh," in three volumes, octavo, are not very likely to interest our fair readers.

The plan and purpose of "A Memoir of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Waugh, DD." is to delineate the course of this good man through his early life, his pastoral ministry for forty-five years in London, his labours in connexion with public institutions, his character as a friend, and in domestic relations, and his conduct in affliction and death. To a considerable extent he is made his own biographer, by means of his private diary, his correspondence, and occasional journals. These form the most attractive portions of the book, and we shall extract one or two specimens, premising, in explanation of what follows, that Dr. Waugh was a native of Berwickshire, and received the rudiments of his education at the secluded village of Earlstoun, in the vicinity of Melrose, and of other scenes of border story and poetical renown. The following is from his diary:—

"I recollect the friendships of youth with reverence. They are the embraces of the heart of man ere vice has polluted or interest diverted its operations. In the churchyard of Earlstoun lies the friend of my youth. John Anderson was a young man of the gentlest manners and of unaffected piety. Often, when the public service of the church was over, have we wandered amidst the broom of Cowdenknowes, and talked of the power of that Being by whose hands the foundations of the mountains we beheld were laid, and by whose pencil the lovely scene around us was drawn, and by whose breath the flowers among our feet were perfumed. On our knees have we many a time in succession lifted up our hearts to him for knowledge, for pardon, for the formation of his image in the soul. We looked forward to the days of coming prosperity, and fondly hoped it might please God that, hand in hand, we should pass through life to that world we were taught to love and aspire after. But Heaven thought otherwise, and by a consumption carried my friend to the grave in the bloom of life. I cannot, even at this distance of time, read his letters, but the recollection of the past overcomes my soul to weakness.

"John Anderson had a sister: if ever piety and mildness of soul, with most becoming softness, inhabited a female form, it was the form of that excellent young woman. Through solicitude about her brother, she caught his disorder. I hurried to Earlstoun the moment I heard of her danger: she made an effort to rise up to receive me. 'My brother, my brother, he whom you so loved,

is gone ! I heard the trampling of the horses' feet as his funeral passed by the door. I shall soon be with him. My God will supply all my wants out of his fulness in glory by Christ Jesus.' Her strength was spent;—in four days after, I held the cord which let her down into the grave. She was buried in the grave adjoining to her brother's, and but ten days after his interment. 'They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.' They are the boast of the village. Their memory is still fragrant ; reproach could not sully their fair character ; I do not remember of an enemy they ever had. Their religion was truly like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Farewell, my earliest friend ! I will hold up your image to my heart, and trace on my own the sincerity, friendship, love, and goodness of yours."

The following anecdote is given in illustration of his winning suavity as chairman of the Examination Committee of the London Missionary Society, in which he presided for many years.

"A pious young man, who was desirous of devoting himself to the work of the ministry among the heathen, and had been recommended with that view to the committee of the London Missionary Society, on undergoing the usual examination, stated that he had one difficulty ; he had an aged mother entirely dependent upon an elder brother and himself for maintenance ; and in case of that brother's death he should wish to be at liberty to return to this country, if his mother were still living, to contribute to her support. Scarcely had he made this ingenuous statement, when a harsh voice exclaimed : ' If you love your mother more than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will not do for us.' Abashed and confounded, the young man was silent. Some murmurs escaped the committee ; and he was directed to retire while his proposal was taken into consideration. On his being again sent for, the venerable chairman (Dr. Waugh), in tones of unaffected kindness, and with a patriarchal benignity of mien, acquainted him that the committee did not feel themselves authorized to accept of his services on a condition involving uncertainty as to the term ; but immediately added : " We think none the worse of you, my good lad, for your dutiful regard for your aged parent. You are but acting in conformity to the example of Him whose Gospel you wished to proclaim among the heathen, who, as he hung upon the cross in dying agonies, beholding his mother and the beloved disciple standing by, said to the one, " Woman, behold thy son !" and to John, " Behold thy mother !" My good lad, we think none the worse of you."

"He had a happy talent," says his biographer, "of interposing a jocular anecdote to terminate a debate that was kindling irritation, or to divert into a strain more agreeable to the company the conversation that was maintained by two disputants, to the disgust or annoyance of others. Thus, in a party some one was objecting to church-establishments, that there was nothing in them specially to attract those spiritual influences which were the object of all Christian institutions. Dr. Waugh was friendly to establishments; but not wishing to engage in the controversy, in the circumstances in which he was then placed, he put an end to it by the following jocular anecdote, which set all in good humour. 'Weel, it may be so,' he said. 'I remember when I returned home at the vacation of Earlstoun school, I frequently went out to the muir to have some talk with my father's shepherd, a douce, talkative, and wise man in his way; and he told me, a wondering boy, a great many things I never had read in my school-books. For instance, about the Tower of Babel, that

'Seven mile sank, and seven mile fell
And seven mile still stands, and evermair sall.'

"And about the craws, (there were aye plenty of craws about Gordon Muir, and I often wondered what they got to live on), that they aye lay the first stick of their nests on Candlemas-day; and that some of them that big their nests in rocks and cliffs have siccan skill of the wind, that if it is to blaw mainly frae the east in the following spring, they are sure to build their nests on what will be the beildy side; ane mony a ane that notices it can tell frae that the airth the wind will blaw. After expressing my admiring belief of this, I thought as I had begun Latin, and was therefore a clever chield, that I wadna let the herd run away wi' a' the learning. It was at the time when the alteration of the style had not ceased to cause great grief and displeasure to many of the good old people in Scotland; and I knew the herd was a zealous opponent of the change, so I slily asked him, 'Do the craws count Candlemas by the new or auld style?' He replied, with great indignation, 'D'ye think the craws care for your acts of parliament?'"

We are glad to see the Poetical Works of the Rev. George Croly collected into two volumes; but of the many volumes of original poetry lately published, so few rise above mediocrity, or display any originality of thought or diction, that their want of success is no libel on the taste of the age; though a Mr. William Phillips, brother, we believe, to the Irish barrister, who has produced what he calls a poem, entitled "Mount Sinai," thinks otherwise.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

FULL DRESS.

A DRESS of pale canary-coloured gauze, over a gros de Naples slip to correspond. Corsage *en cœur*, formed by folds which descend from the shoulder to the ceinture, and are arranged in the centre of the breast, under a satin rouleau. Béret sleeve, ornamented with three points, corded with satin on the shoulder, and terminated by a narrow ruche of blond net. The sleeve is very short, and the corsage cut extremely low round the bust. The trimming of the skirt consists of four or five narrow satin rouleaus, put pretty close together, and disposed in waves; they are ornamented at each point with butterfly nœuds, which are trimmed with narrow blond lace. The hair is dressed full on the temples, and the hind hair disposed in four bows, two of which are brought forward, and two placed very far back. A *chaperon* of white feathers is put in between the bows. Necklace and earrings. Large pearls. White satin slippers *en sandales*.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse composed of gros des Indes, the colour is a peculiar shade of Chinese-pink. The corsage, made up to the throat, but without a collar, is tight to the shape; the upper part of the long sleeve is of the double béret form, the lower tight to the arm. The front of the dress is ornamented from the ceinture to the waist *en tablier*, with richly-wrought silk buttons and tassels. Hat of bright grey gros de Naples, trimmed with a mixture of white gauze riband, and the material of the hat, which is disposed in full nœuds in front of the crown. The inside of the brim is ornamented with white gauze riband only. Collarette of the pelerine form, composed of ten rows of richly-embroidered cambric. Citron-coloured gros des Indes half-boots. White kid gloves. Ear-rings and ceinture buckle massive gold.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

The return of spring, always hailed with pleasure, is this year doubly so, on account of the long and severe winter that has preceded it. Our fair promenaders have exchanged their warm mantles and well-wadded pelisses for the light attire of spring. Muslin, however, is not yet very generally adopted for the promenade; silk dresses, made up to the throat, but without a collar, being more in favour. These gowns have no trimming at the bottom of the skirt in general; but if there is any, it consists of a cluster of folds; there are sometimes five or six laid very close together, on a single rouleau.

These dresses are either worn with a pelerine of the same



FULL DRESS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

ENGLISH COSTUME. FOR MAY, 1830.



DINNER DRESS.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

FRENCH COSTUME FOR MAY 1830

material, or else a lace one, to which a light scarf is generally added. The few white dresses that have appeared are worn with China crape shawls.

Leghorn bonnets are decided favourites for the promenade. The cottage bonnet, so long in favour, is still adopted by several elegant women. These bonnets are mostly lined with white or coloured silk, and trimmed with figured ribands. Large bonnets and hats, of the French shape, are, however, more in request; they are not lined, but are trimmed either with *nœuds* of gros de Naples, or of riband.

Silk pelisses are very fashionable in carriage dress. We have seen some elegant ones made in the *redingote* style. The sleeves are in general *à l'Amadis*; but some, instead of being made to sit close to the arm, from the wrist to the elbow, have the fullness confined by bands. White dresses are more generally seen in carriages than in the promenade; they are richly embroidered round the border, and some, in addition to the embroidery above the hem, are finished with a single deep flounce, embroidered to correspond.

Gauze and crape fancy scarfs are very much in favour in carriage dress. We have remarked, also, with some muslin dresses, a few long-pointed pelerines, richly trimmed with broad white lace.

Leghorn bonnets, trimmed with gauze ribands and flowers, are in favour in carriage dress. The brims of these bonnets are something of a hat shape, very wide, but not so deep as they have been worn. They are all adorned with knots of riband placed inside of the brim. Bonnets and hats of gros de Naples, &c. are still more in request than those of Leghorn; the crowns are of a very moderate height; the brims of bonnets are deeper, and somewhat closer than they were in the winter. Hats, on the contrary, are rather wider, and certainly shallower. Both hats and bonnets are very much trimmed, indeed too much so; the *nœuds* are made excessively large, and put too close to each other. Feather fringe, though so long in favour, has still been made use of for trimming several of the most novel spring bonnets.

Some beautiful muslins, of rich flowered patterns, have come much into favour in dinner dress. These gowns are cut in a very decorous manner round the bosom, so as to show the neck to advantage, but entirely to cover the bosom and shoulders; they are generally finished with a ruche of blond net, or a falling tucker *à l'enfant*. Long and very full sleeve; but the fulness is

confined to the arm by four bands, each pointed in the centre; they are placed at regular distances above the deep-pointed cuff, from the wrist to the elbow. The skirt is finished round the border with a lozenge trimming, placed immediately above the hem. The lozenges are edged round with three cords of gros de Naples, of the predominant colours of the dress; they fall over the border, and there is some space left between each.

Worked muslin, and silks of different descriptions, are also in favour in dinner dress. Gowns for social parties are generally made in a plain style, and almost always with long sleeves. In full dress the sleeves are always short, and the corsage very much ornamented, but the skirts are usually very little trimmed.

Fashionable colours are lilac, canary-yellow, Chinese pink, azure blue, and different shades of green.

Modes de Paris.

DINNER DRESS.

A dress of very bright rose-coloured gros des Indes. The corsage is cut excessively low before and behind: it is ornamented with folds which fall over, and has a nœud, fastened by a gold brooch, in the centre of the back and bust. Sleeve à l'antique, terminated by a gauntlet cuff. The skirt is set on all round in very full plaits, and the ceinture is drawn nearly to a point in front by three massive gold sliders; the ends of the ceinture descend nearly to the bottom of the dress; they are fastened in two places by gold sliders, and are terminated by gold bands and fringe. Dress hat, of a large size, trimmed with a *panache* of cocks' feathers: it is put rather far back, so as partially to display the gold bandeau worn underneath it. Bracelets and earrings massive gold. White satin slippers *en sandales*.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A *redingote*, composed of lavender-coloured gros de Berlin. The corsage is made with a large square collar, and lappels: it is very open at the bosom, so as to display a richly embroidered habit shirt, which fastens in front with gold buttons. The *redingote* is trimmed up the fronts, and round the collar, with broad black blond lace, set on with very little fulness. The sleeve is of the Amadis form: it is terminated by a black velvet cuff, which fastens with silver buttons, and is trimmed at the upper edge with black blond lace. Gros de Naples hat, corresponding in colour with the dress; the brim is of a moderate size, and not so wide as they have lately been worn. Bunches of

violets, and nœuds of riband, striped in various shades of green, form the trimming of the hat. A twisted roll of riband crosses the inside of the brim, and terminates in a full bow on the left side. Black velvet cravate *à la coquette*, with a richly wrought silver brooch in the centre. The buckle of the ceinture is also of silver, as are likewise the ear-rings. Black satin slippers, *en sandales*.

STATEMENT OF FASHIONS AT PARIS, IN APRIL, 1830.

The rich mantles, and the warm *douillette*, have now given place to a high dress, or a spring pelisse; the first is composed of silk, or of some of the numerous light materials manufactured of silk and cotton, which have been, during some years, in favour with the Parisian belles, such as *Cotpulis*, *palmyriennes*, &c. These dresses have the corsage tight to the shape, the waist quite the natural length, and the sleeves uniformly wide at the upper part, and tight at the lower part of the arm. A pelerine, pointed behind, and at each side of the front, is worn with these dresses in general; but some ladies are seen with muslin canezous, trimmed, round the armholes and the throat, with ruches of tulle; this fashion will, probably, become more general in a few weeks, but as yet it is very partially adopted.

Silk and fancy straw bonnets are now equally in favour for the promenade. A good many of the former are made of changeable silk; green shot with white is most in request. Hats and bonnets seem in equal favour for the promenade; the crowns of the latter are lower than last month, the brims remain nearly the same size. The newest style of trimming for promenade bonnets consists of two very full nœuds, either of silk or riband, one placed near the top of the crown, on the right side, and the other at the bottom, on the left. A band of silk or riband, disposed in folds, goes from one of these nœuds to the other. We see, also, a good many promenade bonnets trimmed with a piece of the same material, disposed in the form of a fan in the front of the crown; the upper part of this ornament is cut round in scollops, and turns partially over, and a large nœud is placed at its base. The trimming of hats usually consists of short full bows, with pointed ends.

Carriage bonnets are of gros de Naples, or gros des Indes. Those of the *capote* shape are much in favour; they are trimmed with a ruche, composed either of the material of the bonnet, or of white or coloured gauze, round the edge of the brim, and another ruche, placed *en demi couronne*, at the upper part of the crown. If the bonnet is not of the *capote* form, it is generally

lined and trimmed with a different colour. The nœuds are of gauze riband, and are intermixed with flowers.

The new carriage hats are smaller than those worn last month. Several of those which have appeared at Longchamps are made of a new material—a kind of metallic gauze, of a most beautiful texture, and of different colours; these hats are trimmed with an intermixture of striped or spotted gauze riband, and bouquets of flowers. Sometimes the bouquet is composed of different flowers; at others of roses only; the latter are in great favour.

Muslin is as yet very little worn, except in morning dress, for which it is very generally adopted. Morning dresses are very plainly made, and quite in the *robe de chemise* style, except that they have no collars, and that the lower part of the sleeve sits close to the arm; it is terminated by a worked muslin ruffle, and a frill to correspond with the ruffle finishes the corsage at the throat. Some few of these dresses are trimmed down one side of the front, which wraps across with a frill, but the greater number fasten imperceptibly.

Pamyriennes en colonnes, and printed gros de Naples, are much in favour in dinner dress. The corsage is always cut low, and the most fashionable style of trimming it is *à revers*—that is, one or two folds laid across the bosom, and forming epaulettes on the shoulders: these folds are frequently edged with full quillings of tulle. Long sleeves are fashionable in dinner dress, but there are a still greater number of short ones. The long sleeves are all made tight to the lower part of the arm, but are variously ornamented. Some have a fold in the middle of the arm from the wrist to the elbow, on which knots of riband are placed at regular distances; others have four or five folds laid pretty close to each other in the middle of the arm from the elbow to the wrist. The upper part of the sleeve still preserves its excessive and ungraceful fulness.

There is no alteration in the form of short sleeves, but those of the *béret* kind are longer than usual, and those of the Marino Falliero form are now looped more in the centre of the arm than in front.

Fashionable colours are bright rose colour, lavender, *vapeur*, lilac, and different shades of green.



SIR EDWARD COKE.
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Engraved by J. Smith after a Portrait by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

Printed by W. B. Whittaker & Co. London. June 1 1830.